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# COLLIER'S

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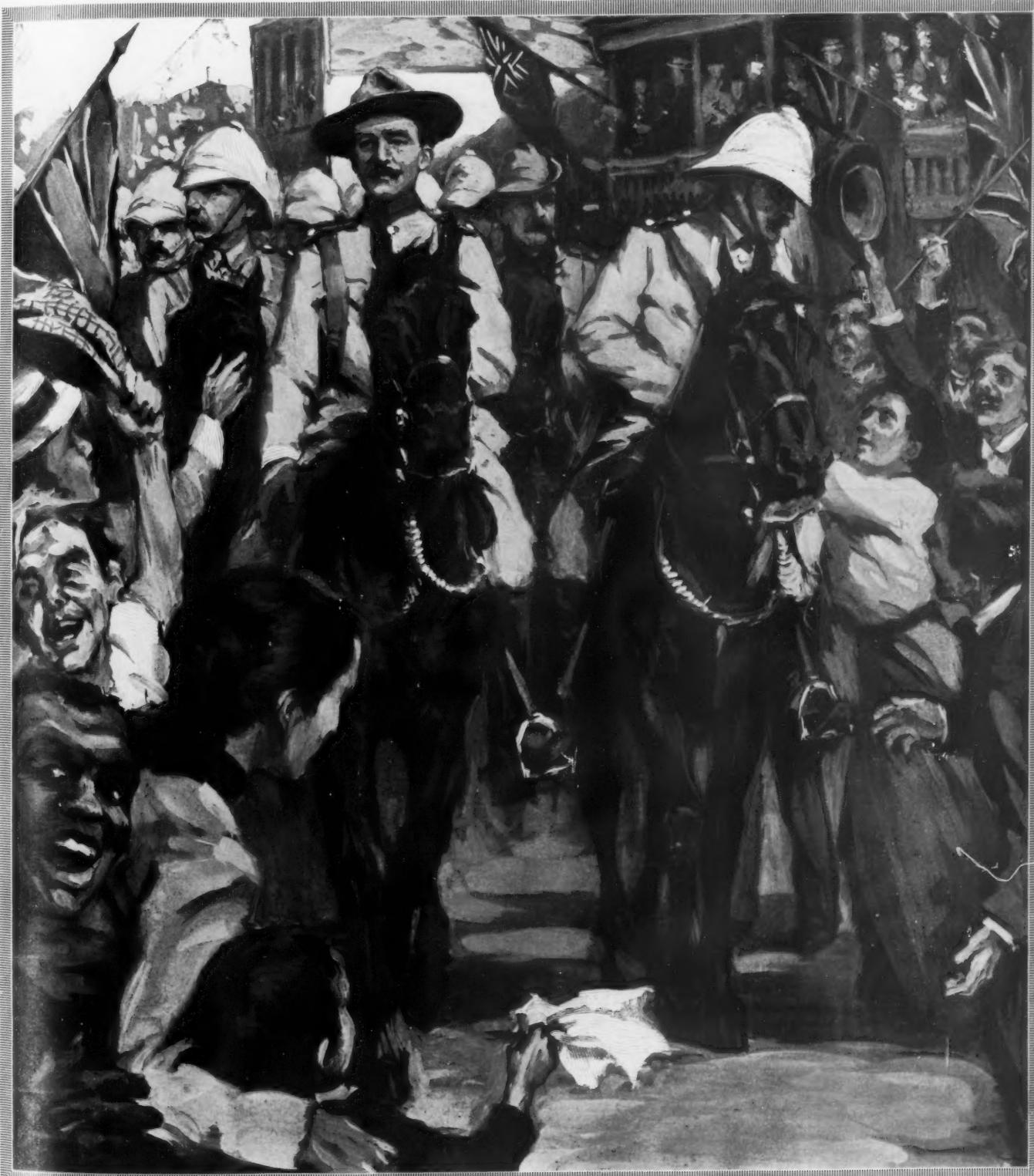


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DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS

COLONEL PLUMER

BADM-POWELL

COLONEL MAHON

### THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING

(SEE PAGE 3—"THE FAMOUS SIEGES OF THE BOER WAR," BY MAJOR-GENERAL MILES, U.S.A.)

## COLLIER'S

An Illustrated  
Journal of ArtLiterature and  
Current Events

## WEEKLY

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New York June Ninth 1900

**W**E PRINT elsewhere an article by General Miles on the sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking, which should be interesting, as setting forth the views of an American soldier on the solution of the problems presented to the British in South Africa. It is pretty certain that, if the 200,000 Spanish soldiers under General Blanco in Cuba had fought as well as the 40,000 Boers fought in Natal and the Orange Free State, our war with Spain might not have been ended yet. Few people recall the fact that, when the protocol was signed in August, 1898, Spain had ten soldiers to our one in Cuba. It is true that Spain had lost command of the ocean, but that is something which the Boers have never had, yet they have been fighting for eight months.

**T**HE DREYFUS scandal is not yet over by any means. It is true that the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry has lately felt constrained to urge the Senate to take up and pass the Amnesty bill which, some time ago, was carried through the Chamber of Deputies. This, we presume, will be done. The bill, when it becomes a law, will put a stop to the prosecutions of Zola, Reinach and Picquart, on the one hand, and the arraignment of General Mercier and of other persons implicated in the anti-Dreyfus conspiracy on the other. It will not prevent Dreyfus himself, however, from seeking the rehabilitation which is his due. If his advocates can exhibit a single new fact known to the Rennes tribunal, they can ask the Court of Cassation to revise the judgment of the second court-martial, and that request will not be refused. As he has been already pardoned, the Court of Cassation would, in no event, remit him for trial before a third court-martial, but, if adequate grounds were shown, would definitely proclaim him innocent, and order his reinstatement in his military rank. It is certain that Dreyfus was either guilty or innocent. If he was guilty, no punishment could be too severe for him. The fact, therefore, that he was pardoned shows that the Government shared the wide-felt belief that he was innocent. Under the circumstances, justice will never have been perfected until his innocence shall have been proclaimed by the court of last resort, and until he shall have resumed the epaulettes of which he was wrongfully deprived.

**A**T THE HOUR when we write, a part of Lord Roberts's force has crossed the Vaal River, and is within two days' march of Johannesburg. It is even yet uncertain whether the Boers will make a stand at that place or at

Pretoria. The huge disproportion of the forces arrayed against them seems, at last, to have produced the natural effect, and a considerable part of the burghers of the Transvaal are willing, we are informed, to accept even the hard terms of unconditional surrender. If Johannesburg and Pretoria should be evacuated, and the Boers should concentrate what forces they have left at Lydenburg, the contest could only be protracted for some weeks, or some months at the furthest. Whether General Buller, advancing from Natal, will be able to co-operate with Lord Roberts, and thus share the honor of the triumph, is a different question. It is one thing to march over the relatively open country north of the Vaal River, and another thing to pierce the easily-defended passes of the Drakenberg range. There is no doubt that Buller has been exceedingly unfortunate. He came to South Africa intending to carry out the same plan which Lord Roberts has followed with success. He knew that the only practicable method of penetrating the Transvaal, so long as the route through the Portuguese possessions were barred, was to move due northward through the Orange Free State. He came to Cape Town for that purpose, but, when he arrived, he learned that General White was cooped up at Ladysmith, and he went thither to relieve him. The result, apparently, will be that he will have all the blame, and Roberts all the praise; though it is by no means certain that Roberts would have done any better than Buller, had the former gone first to Natal. As the greatest Generals have admitted, there is such a thing as luck in war.

those three eminent men, however, encountered much more opposition within the Republican ranks than Mr. McKinley will have to face. The so-called Radicals were so suspicious of Mr. Lincoln in 1864 that they actually put John C. Fremont in nomination, but, eventually, their opposition dwindled to nothing. The dislike of Grant led in 1872 to the great revolt of the so-called Liberal-Republicans and to the nomination of Horace Greeley at Cincinnati, which, however, although indorsed by the Democratic National Convention at Philadelphia, proved an egregious failure. Mr. Harrison's reasonable desire for a second nomination was opposed by James G. Blaine, who had been his Secretary of State, and who resigned only a short time before the meeting of the Republican National Convention. Mr. McKinley is more fortunate than any of the three. There is no doubt that he will secure a renomination at Philadelphia by a unanimous vote. There is much doubt, however, concerning the candidate for the Vice-Presidency. In our opinion, the Republicans will make a mistake if they select the nominee for the second office from any of the Eastern States, which, in any event, they are reasonably sure of carrying. It would be wiser to choose a candidate from one of the States west of the Mississippi, where the prospects of the Republican party are, on the whole, less bright than they were in 1896. It must be remembered that, four years ago, the Republicans were not committed by unmistakable legislation to the gold standard. Mr. McKinley throughout his public life had been an advocate of bimetallism, and a promise to secure an international agreement in favor of bimetallism formed one of the planks of the Republican platform. Consequently, throughout the section west of the Mississippi, the ticket nominated at St. Louis obtained the votes of many Silver Republicans. Those votes will be lost this year, and something will have to be done to offset that particular defection. One way of offsetting it would be to put forward as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency a man popular in the trans-Mississippi region.

**I**N A PRESIDENTIAL year, the situation changes rapidly, and what is true to-day may not be true to-morrow. At the hour when we write, it seems probable that, on the first ballot in the Democratic National Convention at Kansas City, Mr. Bryan will receive more than two-thirds of the vote, and, consequently, will be nominated. If his friends can discern an omen of disaster anywhere, it must be in the uncertainty as to whether the great States of New York, Illinois and Ohio will instruct their delegates for the Nebraska candidate. Should those important commonwealths and a few lesser States go uninstructed, Mr. Bryan might fail to obtain a two-thirds vote on the first ballot, and then there might be an opportunity for stampeding the convention in favor of Admiral Dewey. For the moment, however, as we have said, Mr. Bryan's attainment of the nomination seems assured, and the question of chief interest to the Democratic party relates to the candidate for the Vice Presidency. It would be a grave mistake to accept Mr. Towne, who was nominated for the office by the Populist Convention at Sioux Falls. Such an act would be interpreted throughout the campaign as a complete surrender of Democracy to Populism. That is, of course, the part which their Republican opponents desire the Democracy to play. If, however, there should be a trace of wisdom in the Kansas City Convention, the candidate for the Vice-Presidency will be George Dewey, provided, of course, the Admiral could be persuaded to accept the nomination. That he would strengthen the ticket immensely throughout the East and the Middle West is undeniable. This is a step which the Democracy will unquestionably take, if they follow the time-honored maxim: Find out what your opponents do not want you to do, and do it.

**A**S REGARDS the Democratic platform, there seems to be no doubt that the programme put forth at Chicago in 1896 will be reaffirmed in explicit terms, and that the planks relating to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, to the income tax and to government by injunction will be reasserted with emphasis. Planks opposing Imperialism and demanding the suppression of watered and monopolistic trusts are certain to be added. As we have previously pointed out, however, it is not for national conventions to determine the issues upon which a campaign will pivot. When Mr. McKinley was nominated at St. Louis in 1896, it was taken for granted by the Republicans that the campaign would turn upon the high tariff, with which their candidate was identified. As a matter of fact, that issue made no figure in the canvass. It is too early to predict what card the Democrats will find it most expedient to play. It is plain enough that the Republicans, on their part, will rely almost exclusively upon the general prosperity of the country, and will ask the voters to say whether, under such circumstances, a change of government would be prudent. That is precisely the argument which was used in 1892, when the country, it will be recalled, was prosperous. As a matter of fact, prosperous times are precisely those in which organized labor is most apt to strike for higher wages. That was what happened in 1892, and it was the widespread discontent caused by the failure of the strikes that defeated Harrison. It is on precisely the same reef that the Republican party may be wrecked to-day.

**T**HE OUTCOME of the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia is, of course, known beforehand, so far as the candidate for the Presidency is concerned. Since 1860, the Republican party has never denied a renomination to any of its standard-bearers whose election for a first term has been universally acknowledged. A renomination was denied to Mr. Hayes because his election for a first term was disputed, not only by almost all Democrats, but by many members of his own party. To Lincoln, Grant and Harrison, on the other hand, a renomination was conceded. Each of

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, DEFENDER OF MAFEKING

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KEEWICH, DEFENDER OF KIMBERLEY

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WHITE, DEFENDER OF LADYSMITH



## THE FAMOUS SIEGES OF THE BOER WAR

By MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON APPLETON MILES  
COMMANDING THE UNITED STATES ARMY

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IT SEEMS to have been the fate of the English to have their garrisons besieged and sometimes captured at the commencement of several of their wars. Hostilities have usually begun suddenly, and have frequently found small isolated forces beyond supporting distance from one another, which have made it necessary to open the war by sending out relief columns, thereby compelling the plan of campaign to follow, in a measure, the lines already marked out by the enemy, who has had the immense advantage of initiative.

The history of the British Empire in India is filled with records of garrisons menaced or besieged, heroically holding out against great odds, while relief columns, with diminishing numbers, were hurrying to their assistance. During the Indian Mutiny in 1857, it will be recalled that Cawnpore's little garrison of 400 English and several Sepoy regiments, who had remained loyal, was besieged by a well-trained force of 3,000 mutineers. The siege lasted only twenty-two days, from June 5 until June 27, when the garrison capitulated to the infamous Nana, under promise of safe passage to Allahabad. The savage massacre that followed of English men, women and children, when they were crossing the Ganges, is too well known and too tragic to dwell upon. General Havelock's column of relief entered Cawnpore July 17, in time to punish the rebels severely, but too late to save the garrison.

Following close on Cawnpore was the siege of Lucknow, made memorable in song and story, the poet Tennyson choosing it as the subject of one of his most stirring poems. All who can read the English language may well feel proud of the almost superhuman defence of that little band of Europeans, numbering 3,000 souls all told, only 1,720 of which were combatants, resisting, from July 1, 1857, until September 25, the fiendish attacks of hordes of fanatical Sepoys, numbering as many as 40,000. After eighty-seven days of siege the dwindling garrison was reinforced by Havelock's column of 3,179 men, who, fighting desperately hand to hand with the natives, cut their way through, with heavy loss, to the little band cooped up in the Residency. But the siege still continued, until Sir Colin Campbell arrived at the head of a second column of 3,400 fighting men, when what was left of the garrison marched out of Lucknow on November 17, in the face of over 50,000 of the enemy, their total casualties being 735.

Later we find the present commander-in-chief of the British forces in South Africa, then an untitled officer with the rank of major-general, leading a relief expedition from Peshawar to Cabul, and from thence making his famous march to Kandahar, the title of which a grateful sovereign bestowed upon him in recognition of his brilliant services to her Empire, which are so modestly told by the hero in his "Forty-one Years in India."

In February, 1895, a small police force of British soldiers, doing duty in the mountains of Northern India, found itself in danger of annihilation at the hands of the native mountaineers, and was compelled to take refuge in the old fort of Chitral. They were only a handful of some five or six hundred men, including messengers, servants and natives, but they stood gallantly at bay in front of more than twenty times their number of hostiles, resisting siege for forty-seven days, until relieved, on April 20, by a small column which started out from Gilgit, some 220 miles away, with 400 men and two guns.

The expeditions heretofore mentioned all successfully accomplished their mission of carrying relief to beleaguered English garrisons. They were all, except Havelock's to Cawnpore, started in time to reach their goal and rescue their comrades from complete disaster. There was one column sent into Northern Africa which, through no fault of its own or its commanders, failed to rescue. One of England's noblest and best soldiers, "Chinese" Gordon, was left almost alone in hostile Khartoum, and his government waited too long. The little expedition sent out for his relief made superhuman efforts to bring succor, but they arrived a day too late; Gordon was assassinated at his post, and England, to her shame and sorrow, lost a bulwark of the Empire.

But let us turn to the stormy events in South Africa. Lord Roberts is vigorously prosecuting the war which began October 11, 1899, and which many Englishmen believed would be

over in a month. Up to the present time the history of the war is found mainly in the record of the sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley, Mafeking and Wepener, and in that of the relief columns sent to rescue these invested towns. The greatest embarrassment to the British forces so far has been the necessity of relieving the garrisons that have been isolated by

records for bravery, endurance, and sacrifice that will take rank with the proudest in history.

We are apt in looking at present events to describe them in the superlative, losing sight of perspective. The war of the year is the greatest, the defence of the month is the bravest, the battle of the hour is the bloodiest in moving events. Before going somewhat into detail concerning the sieges and relief of British garrisons in South Africa, let us, in order that there may be a better sense of proportion, take a cursory glance at a few of the famous sieges in history. Some figures will have to be called into service, which, although dry reading, are safer for the purposes of comparison than varying degrees of adjectives.

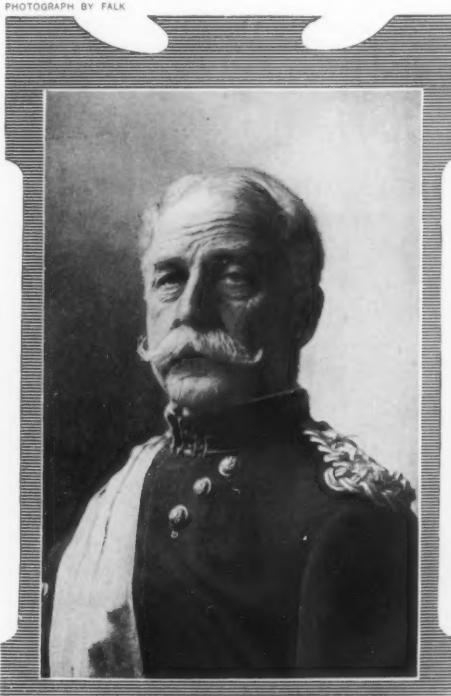
One of the most memorable sieges of which there is a reliable record, considering the disparity in numbers between the besiegers and besieged, as well as the fortitude of the defence, is that of the Island of Malta, where the Knights of the Order of Saint John, under the Grand Master, La Valette, successfully resisted a fleet and an army, sent out by the Sultan Solyman II. from Constantinople to crush the Christians—"It was the great battle of the Cross and Koran." The siege lasted from May 18, 1565, to September 8 of the same year, when it was raised by reinforcements gathered by the brethren of the Knights from all quarters.

The whole force which La Valette could muster amounted to about 6,000 fighting men. The Ottoman army numbered nearly 30,000 men, exclusive of sailors, and lost from death and disease nearly three-fourths of this number. The loss to the small besieged force amounted to 2,700 out of the original garrison, and more than 7,000 of the inhabitants perished. The siege is a striking instance of the main strength of the defence being found in the person and character of the commander. It is interesting to note that here the Turks used cannon, firing marble shot weighing 112 pounds. They were celebrated for their guns of large calibre, and as early as the fifteenth century, at the siege of Constantinople, employed mammoth cannon which threw projectiles weighing 600 pounds.

A siege memorable by reason of its length and the stubborn resistance of the defenders is that of Ostend, which finally surrendered September 20, 1604, to the Spaniards, after a close investment lasting for three years and seventy-seven days. To capture this then dreary sand-bank, now a fashionable watering-place, more than 100,000 lives were sacrificed. The besieged were reduced to such desperate straits, on account of lack of material with which to construct their defences, that they are said to have dug up their graveyards and filled in the breastworks with dead bodies.

Considering the wars of the nineteenth century, perhaps the most famous siege in which English troops took part was that of Sebastopol in the Crimea. The terrible condition under which the allied French and English forces upheld the honor of their flag in the early part of this conflict are an acknowledged disgrace to the governments responsible for the welfare of their soldiers. The siege commenced on the 9th of October, 1854, and was terminated by the evacuation of the town by the Russians on the 9th of September, thus lasting for eleven consecutive months. It is noted for the bloody assaults and counter assaults made by both sides. It involved the construction of seven miles of trenches and the employment of 60,000 fascines, 80,000 gabions, and 1,000,000 sand-bags. One and one-half million shells and shot were fired into the town from the cannon of the besiegers. The Russian forces in and about Sebastopol numbered 150,000; their losses sustained in its defence amounted, in killed, wounded and missing, to 90,142. The allied armies numbered 80,650 French, 43,000 English, and 20,000 Turks in January, 1855. The British troops suffered terribly from disease. The forty-one English infantry battalions, which embarked originally, mustered 36,923, and were reinforced by 27,884. Their strength at the conclusion of hostilities was 653 less than it was at the beginning. The wastage, due principally to disease, thus amounted to 28,537, or 77 per cent. Is it any wonder England wanted to know the reason why?

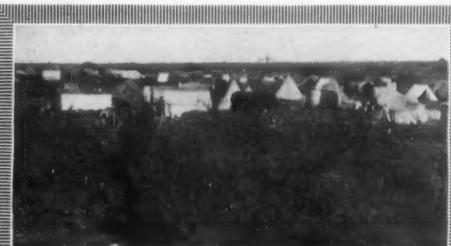
The siege of Paris, lasting from September 19, 1870, to January 28, 1871, was conducted on a more gigantic scale than any ever undertaken, and, so far as numbers and quantities are concerned, dwarfs all others in comparison. The



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON APPLETON MILES

the sudden, bold advance of the Boers into English territory, thus assuming an offensive attitude which, it appears, was not anticipated by the British Government. The rapidity of their movements, and the courage and tenacity shown by the Boers in their attacks and assaults, were a surprise to the world, and were worthy of better results; but owing to the vigilance and fortitude of the British garrisons not a single one of these four that have been besieged has been forced to capitulate. Both sides have made for themselves

BOER CAMP OUTSIDE MAFEKING



LADYSMITH, THE CHIEF GARRISON TOWN OF NATAL



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF KIMBERLEY, CAPE COLONY

city was completely invested. The inner line of the Germans was fifty miles long, while the outer one, connecting the corps headquarters, was over seventy miles. The besiegers had 240,000 men to hold these lines, but they could do little else than resist sorties from the city and wait until lack of food forced its capitulation.

Turn now to South Africa, and compare the sieges that have been successfully raised by the English. Ladysmith attracts our first attention.

It will be remembered that after the Boer victory at Dundee the English troops fell back in splendid order, under the direction of General Yule, on General Sir George White's force, the combined strength uniting in Ladysmith, which was isolated and communication cut off on November 2, 1899. To the surprise of most every one, over 12,000 of England's finest soldiers were completely hemmed in by a body of untrained Dutch farmers. General White's position was peculiar. Ladysmith, although the "Aldershot of South Africa," and the camp of the Natal garrison, where five million dollars' worth of ammunition and stores had been collected, was badly chosen for defense. It is situated in a saucer-shaped depression, is commanded by all the hills roundabout, and was

into the town, and the brave garrison was relieved after a siege of 118 days.

Kimberley was another town besieged by the Boers, but gallantly resisted by the small garrison until General French brought relief. The siege lasted 122 days (from October 15 to February 15). A garrison of 2,700 men, under command of Colonel Kekewich, and 20,000 civilians were cooped up by a much superior force of Boers, varying considerably in strength from time to time. The defences were elaborate, and made up of earthworks constructed from the rubbish heaps of the mines, and many miles of barbed wire. Kimberley would have been a great prize to the enemy: first, there were the diamond mines, and the rich loot of the town, and, lastly, the person of their arch-enemy, Cecil Rhodes. From a military point of view its capture and retention would prevent its use by the English as a base for operations against the Free State. General French's march for the relief of Kimberley deserves to be counted among the finest ever made. His cavalry, with horse artillery, covered a distance of ninety miles in two days, fought two minor engagements, and finished by relieving the besieged town. The losses on both sides were comparatively slight.

meat, soup concocted from animal skins, and porridge made from fodder. Horse sausage, minced mule, and curried foal was an elaborate bill of fare toward the end. When the story is fully told, it is probable that this siege will take its place along with the most memorable in history. The hardships were not so severe, nor did the garrison look forward in the event of capture to a horrible death, as in the case of the English garrison at Cawnpore during the Indian Mutiny; but on account of the stubborn and skillful defence of its defenders, the matchless genius of its untiring and versatile commander, who was a heroic and mighty host in himself, it will stand out unique on the pages of England's military annals. One illustration will show the fertility of resource possessed by Colonel Baden-Powell. Requiring a gun to supplement the antique canon of his armament, he proceeded to build one out of some steel plate which he found among his ordnance stores. It is reported to have been a success and to have shot well.

The small town of Wepener, which was held by a small English force under Colonel Dalghetti, was closely invested for sixteen days by a force of some 5,000 Boers, without serious loss to either side. The relief of this garrison required

THE BANK OF ENGLAND



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

PHOTOGRAPHED DURING A FOG BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

WHEN LONDON WENT MAD. "AS SOON AS THE DESPATCH WAS CONFIRMED THAT A BRITISH COLUMN HAD ENTERED MAFEKING, AND THE LONG BELEAGUERED CITY WAS SAVED, THE SEA OF HUMANITY OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE SET UP A MIGHTY ROAR, AND STRAIGHTWAY LONDON WENT MAD—STARK, STARING MAD"—PRESS REPORT

without a single siege gun, though, fortunately for the garrison, Captain Scott of the naval brigade managed to bring into the town before the investment was complete several long-range naval guns, which did superb work. But their enemies brought artillery into commanding positions, and began a persistent bombardment. Assaults were resisted and driven back, but sorties were fruitless, and only seemed to tighten the line of investment.

Unless succor came the garrison would be compelled to capitulate. General Buller was sent with an army corps to raise the siege. He had more than 30,000 men, and it was confidently expected that he would march straight to Ladysmith. The Boers lost their opportunity when they did not concentrate every available man against General White's force and capture or destroy it; for, if they could not accomplish this, how could they expect to cope with a relieving force three times as large? But weeks passed; Buller's best regiments found defeat again and again. England discovered that she was fighting a stubborn, gallant and resourceful foe. Division after division was poured into South Africa. Lord Roberts was sent out in supreme command, and soon the British Government was moving some 200,000 soldiers, and protecting over 1,000 miles of communication. Buller kept hammering away at some 13,000 Boers in his front—about 10,000 having been left to watch the garrison—until finally, after the capture of Cronje and his small army, the Boers became disheartened and began to fall back from Ladysmith. On February 28, Lord Dundonald, with 300 troopers, galloped

that of Mafeking. The outbreak of hostilities found a small garrison at this place under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Baden-Powell. The fighting force numbered 1,500 men, all irregulars, with the exception of a few officers. The non-combatant force consisted of 700 white women and children and 7,000 blacks. The armament comprised eight guns, six of these being machine, and the other two canon of obsolete pattern. The besieging force varied between 2,000 and 5,000.

The first attack on the town was made by General Cronje on October 15, 1899, which was gallantly repulsed, with heavy loss to the besiegers. Another fierce assault was made on October 31, resulting in a comparatively heavy loss to both sides. Intermittent bombardments, assaults and sorties occurred from the time the Boer forces surrounded the town, on October 14, until the siege was raised, on May 17. Thus, the investment lasted 216 days. The casualties among the garrison's fighting force amounted on April 28th to 240, including 66 killed and 133 wounded. Deaths from disease will probably make a twenty per cent total loss during the siege. The deaths among the non-combatants, owing to the precautions taken by the resourceful commander, were small—probably not more than one hundred. Although every one was reduced to short rations, it can hardly be said that starvation existed, though it was staring the brave garrison in the face for a month before relief. Life was supported after January 1, 1900, by means of mule and horse

the attention of a large proportion of Lord Roberts's army, and interfered very seriously with the proper strategical prosecution of the campaign.

The fighting throughout the campaign was stubborn; but if we are to judge by the losses, it cannot compare with the past experience of small expeditions of British troops in India. English students of military history will recall with pride the sieges of Deeg and Bharatpore. The most desperate fighting, perhaps, in which English soldiers were ever engaged was when they reduced by assault the hill forts of the Ghurkhas in the Doon and northward to Subathu, where the casualty lists often exceeded sixty per cent of the whole white force. However, the British losses in South Africa have been great, and England is now rejoicing that the invested garrisons have all been relieved.

Lord Roberts has driven the enemy across the Vaal River, and has triumphantly occupied the principal cities of the Transvaal. If there is still resistance to his advance, progress will become more and more slow as the distance from the base of supplies increases. It took the Army of the Potomac four years to reach Richmond from Washington, a distance of 115 miles; and at one time 5,000 troops, under Forrest, kept 50,000 men of Sherman's army engaged in protecting his long line of communications, where every bridge, culvert and tunnel on the line of the railroad had to be guarded. The Boers are reported to be contemplating a final defence in the mountain fastnesses, whither they are fleeing from Johannesburg and Pretoria.



THE WATER-FRONT OF NOME CITY, THE GOLD-SEEKER'S MECCA OF THE NORTHWEST

## CAPE NOME AND THE NEW GOLD-FIELDS OF ALASKA

BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY AND AUTHOR OF "THE KLONDIKE STAMPEDE," ETC.



CAPE NOME, Alaska, with its bleak coasts and barren tablelands, is the newest El Dorado toward which are turned the eyes of that restless portion of humanity who worship at the shrine of gold and are willing to suffer hunger and privation to reach the feet of their divinity. Report makes it the most glittering spot on earth; the gold-dust floats on the tossing waves; nuggets large as the apples of Hesperides lie loose among the rocks and in the clear depths of the streams; the sands of the seashore are not of stone, but are the precious metal pulverized, as if Midas had wandered along the desolate strand.

Such pictures are drawn of every new-found gold-field, and, therefore, these may be looked upon with reserve. Nevertheless, there is sufficient evidence from trustworthy sources on which to base the assertion that the Cape Nome territory has been as greatly favored with auriferous deposits as California or the Klondike, if not more so. In one respect Cape Nome has an advantage that neither of these regions enjoy: it is on the sea-coast, and ships can land their passengers at the very door of the mines. Again, as compared with the Klondike, Cape Nome has in its favor the fact that although its latitude (64° north) is virtually the same, the temperature is, on the whole, somewhat milder, on account of its lower elevation and its proximity to the sea. That these conditions are appealing strongly to fortune-hunters is attested by the fact that on the Pacific coast of the United States a larger number of steamships—a number amounting, according to one report, to no less than forty—are preparing to start northward with freight and passengers as soon as navigation opens in Alaskan waters than during the height of the Klondike "boom." Less than a year ago the existence of gold in the region of Cape Nome was hardly more than suspected, while the gold in the sands of the sea-beach was not even dreamed of. In September, 1898, a few hundred men were at Golovin Bay, eighty miles distant from Cape Nome; some of whom had suffered the misfortune of not being able to enter the Yukon River, in the beginning of the vessel which brought them from San Francisco, while the greater number had returned disgusted from a fruitless stampede to Kotzebue Sound on a report that the master of a whaler had found gold there on the buoys of his anchor! By some of these men, together with a few missionaries in that lone land, the gold near Cape Nome was discovered. Not until the following June, however, was the gold in the beach sand discovered, and when the news of this last startling find, together with that of the rich deposits of Golovin Bay and Anvil Creek, was carried to the outside world a rush followed. In three months from the time the first tent was erected at what was first known as "Anvil City," now "Nome City," there stood a town of over eight thousand souls, chiefly in tents, but with many substantial buildings made of lumber brought to the beach by ships from the south at a cost of two hundred and fifty dollars per thousand feet. Of this population, nearly the whole number came from Klondike in small boats and steamers as soon as the news of the wonderful strike reached Dawson in the spring. According to the report of the American consul at

the latter place, no fewer than eight thousand persons left Dawson within a week after the arrival of the news; not quite deserting the city, but leaving there a population of about ten thousand. This stampede from what has been hitherto regarded as the richest gold diggings in the world, and the unprecedented activity in shipping on the Pacific coast, should sufficiently illustrate the enthusiasm and confidence with which Cape Nome is regarded.

Cape Nome is situated on the northwest coast of Alaska, on the north side of the entrance of that arm of Behring Sea known as Norton Sound, and is about one hundred miles from St. Michael. It is only about the same distance to Cape Prince of Wales, the most westerly point on the North American continent, which is there separated from Asia by the strip of water, only sixty miles wide, known as Behring Strait. In a general way it may be said that the distance in miles from the Pacific Coast ports to Cape Nome is somewhat more than that to Klondike by way of the passes; but nearer by sixteen hundred to seventeen hundred than by the river-and-ocean route to Klondike, by which the greater part of the freight intended for that region reaches its destination.

The present gold-fields extend from Golovin Bay, eighty miles to the eastward, as far as Cape York, nearly to Behring Strait, and inland to the heads of the numerous short rivers and creeks that flow into Behring Sea. Explorations along the coast for thirty miles in each direction have revealed the presence of gold in the sands of the beach, every foot of which, judging by the results already accomplished, is underlaid with gold. From a million and a half to two million dollars in gold dust was washed out by the miners during the past summer, of which the greater part came from the beach sands. But inland on the creeks and gulches—Snake River and its tributaries, Anvil, Snow, Dexter, etc.—digging have been found and partially worked that will show a total wealth for a single claim of in many cases hundreds of thousands of dollars.

In the gulch claims the gold is what the miners term "coarse"; that is, in tolerably sized grains, some nuggets even having been found weighing a pound and a half and assaying more than three hundred dollars. That on the beach is "fine," apparently having been reduced, according to F. C. Schrader of the United States Geological Survey, by wave-action along with the gravel and sand to the size of bird-shot, or even finer. It occurs there for the most part under two to three feet of gravel and sand, on a bottom layer of clay or argillaceous sand, called "bedrock" by the miners. Thin layers of a reddish sand are found with the gravel, near the so-called "bedrock," the color of the sand being due to the presence of iron, and not being gem-bearing, as its name, "ruby sand," might lead one to suppose. In this "ruby sand" the main richness is found. In the creeks the depth to the gold-bearing gravel is often as much as six feet. In the Klondike proper the depth to bedrock is, on an average, twenty to thirty feet, and as this, to a great extent, can only be mined by the slow and expensive process of "burning" holes in winter, the immense advantage possessed by the new diggings over those of Klondike can readily be imagined. Dredging has revealed that there is also gold in the shallow waters of Behring Sea, and a number of parties to whom the government has granted permits will have dredging plants on the scene at the opening of Behring Sea. In the creeks the gold is separated by long strings of sluice-boxes and on the beach by "rockers" or "cradles"—all preeminently "poor man's" tools. It is estimated that one man can handle with a "rocker" one ton and a half of gravel per day of eight hours, and as there is estimated to be one hundred dollars' worth of gold in each ton of gravel, the "wages" a man may earn with his hands may easily be figured. And he should be well satisfied with one-tenth of that amount per day.

The natives of Cape Nome are Eskimos, a hardy, apparently happy race, who live in small villages scattered long distances apart along the coast, and subsist by fishing and seal-hunting; often, unfortunately, starving to death in winter since the whalers and others drove away the whales and walruses which formerly were their great dependence for living. Among them, at different points, are mission stations belonging to various religious societies. During the past nine years, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, general agent of education for Alaska, has been introducing domesticated reindeer from Siberia and Lapland, and training the young Eskimo in the care of herds, and thus in an ideal way solving the serious problem of how those people shall be cared for. There are now several large herds near Cape Nome, and one in particular, owned by an Eskimo chief, is at the very scene of the gold diggings.

Concerning the privations the gold seekers will have to undergo, the summer is short and warm, the thermometer rising to 87 degrees in the shade. In June there is almost continuous sunlight, the sun swinging low around, merely dipping for a few minutes below the horizon. In the latitude of Cape Nome there is as much light at midnight as on an overcast day in the United States. The frost is never entirely out of the ground, which the summer sun merely thaws out to a depth of one to four feet, according to exposure. June and July are the rainy months; but, altogether, like the Klondike, the climate is dry, the precipitation, according to government reports relating to that region, being very slight as compared with southern Alaska. The snow in winter is rarely over two feet in depth. The thermometer falls to 40 degrees below zero, but as soon as the new spring sun acquires any considerable degree of strength, in March and April, the heat begins to tell on the snow, although snow remains on the ground until late in May. In April in the north, while the days are yet short with us, there are as many hours of sunlight as in the Middle United States on the longest summer day; although the sun's rays are weaker, the heat burns intensely at times.

Thus it will be seen that the land toward which the thousands of gold seekers are turning their faces is a country in which a man can live. Yet, Cape Nome, and indeed the whole Yukon country, while capable of growing certain agricultural products to a limited extent, is still much removed from being an agricultural country in the sense that most of us understand the term.

Scarcity of fuel is yet a great drawback. There is considerable beachwood, which has floated down the rivers from their timbered sources; but doubtless this is all gone from around Cape Nome. Coal is delivered by sailing vessels at the beach, and this, with kerosene oil, is the chief heating and lighting material.

"How soon can I reach Cape Nome?" is the question that many are now asking. This can be best answered by saying that when navigation is once open, ten days is the usual time by direct steamer from Seattle. But on account of the presence of floe-ice in Behring Sea during the early summer the date of arrival at Cape Nome is doubtful. Numbers of parties have already started by way of Skagway, intending to proceed down the Yukon to Lake Labarge, there awaiting the breaking-up of the ice, and going on in small boats as far as Russian Mission, on the lower Yukon, from which point, by a portage of one hundred and fifty or more miles overland on foot, they hope to reach Cape Nome a few precious days ahead of the steamers. Mail is also being taken overland from Alaska, the charge for letters being two dollars and a half per ounce. In a great mining stampede such as that to Cape Nome the first on the ground seem to have the advantage; but often it is the case in a mining excitement that the first are last and the last are first.



THE STEAMSHIP "OHIO" LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO ON MAY 15 WITH GOLD HUNTERS FOR CAPE NOME





THE STORMING OF PIETER'S HILL

THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF ACTUAL BATTLE IS ONE OF EXTRAORDINARY SCOPE AND CLEARNESS OF DETAIL. IT WAS TAKEN BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN NATAL AND SHOWS THOUSANDS OF BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCING IN EXTENDED ORDER TOWARD THE ENEMY. THE BOER FORCES LIE INTRENCHED ON SPITZ KOP, WHICH RISES IN THE BACKGROUND. GENERAL BULLER'S ARMY CLIMBED THE HEIGHTS IN EXTENDED ORDER—OPEN PARALLEL LINES—THE USUAL MARCHUVE ADOPTED TO MINIMIZE THE EFFECT OF THE ARTILLERY FIRE OF THE BOERS.



MESTIZO BELLE



LANDING AMERICAN TROOPS AT ILIGAN



A FILIPINO BEAUTY

# GATHERING IN FILIPINO TOWNS

By FREDERICK PALMER, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN THE PHILIPPINES



MORO SLAVE

**ILIGAN, MINDANAO, P. I.** **B**Y LONG practice, the taking of towns—especially by sea and more especially too early in the morning—becomes a commonplace and set function which, with saddening frequency, makes you miss your breakfast and luncheon.

You are put off the transports into small boats at daybreak; and there, with the heat of the sun upon your head and the glare of it reflected from the water into your eyes, the empty stomachs wait while an insurrecto second lieutenant, with soft brown skin and muddy, expressionless black eyes, who never bore such a hardship as you are bearing in all his life, puts out "to talk" to the General—about anything, from the hemp trade to the state of the world in general, if he is permitted. He holds a white flag in his hand and he comes just as slowly as a banca can be paddled. His standing as an officer and a gentleman in the Filipino army depends upon just how much he can delay us through our good nature and recognition of the customary privileges of belligerents.

Thank the Lord, though the General has had breakfast, he also is human and can be impatient. He, too, watches the progress of that banca; and, as a rule, the banca returns to the beach as if it were racing for college honors. When there is to be a fight, the boats are beached at a strategic point, the men jump out, extend into skirmish order and promptly take care of whatever is in front of them. When there is no fight, matters are greatly simplified. We march into the plaza, raise the flag, take possession of whatever arms there are, seek bolos as curios, buy eggs and mangoes for personal consumption, unload stores, and sail away, leaving the garrison to its work of government and pacification. All presidents—chubby-faced, well-fed, cunning mestizos—and all plazas—surrounded by the church, government buildings and barracks built Spanish style—look alike. In short, I have become so used to them that for the sake of personal curiosity I doubt if I would look out of my window to see a town occupied.

But if we knew beforehand that we were to meet with no opposition at Iligan, we also knew that Iligan was out of the rut. Here the convicts of all classes which Spain deported from the different islands lived as neighbors to the savage Moro. Here clashed the two extremely different races which it is our lot to rule or ruin. From the inception of General Bates's expedition of the Fortieth Volunteer Infantry (Colonel Godwin) to garrison the ports of North Mindanao, we had looked forward to Iligan. If it had not been for Iligan, I doubt if I would have undertaken the trip of three weeks on the greasy, garlicky Spanish transports. At first sight, if you sought the bizarre, the town was a great disappointment. We saw through shimmering heat waves the usual nipa huts along the beach. As I started up the main street toward the plaza behind Major Craighill's battalion I became actually discouraged. Then I happened to look over toward the bank of the river beyond the main street, where I saw a native who was dressed in more brilliant colors than the Filipinos themselves ever affect. I immediately forgot all about the bat-

talion. I hastened to get a closer view of this being, who looked as if he had sprung out of the Arabian Nights. His face was almost feminine. His long hair was done up underneath a yellow turban. He wore a jacket of variegated colors and yellow breeches. He looked as curiously at me as I looked at him. He was the first Moro that I had seen and I was the first American that he had seen. With camera, field-glasses and knapsack slung over my shoulders, I prided myself that I was probably as interesting to him as he was to me. He broke the ice by saying that he would sell the boy, clad, only in a breechclout, who stood beside him, for fifteen dollars. Then another gayly attired creature appeared, and I glanced around to see that there were a dozen or more on the beach. There is no impression like a first impression, and I had the great luck of arriving in Iligan on market day. The Moros had brought mats and bags of rice and were exhibiting them on the sand for sale.

On this bank of the river they were in Christian, on the other—three or four hundred yards distant—they were in Mohammedan, territory. Twenty or thirty were crossing the stream—without bathing suits. They carried their clothing and wares balanced on their heads. In the middle of the river the water was up to their necks. As they stepped on the beach they laid their burden on the sand and first of all wrapped their sarong about their loins or put on their breeches. A sarong is from six to eight feet in length and a yard in breadth, woven in rich colors on native looms out of cotton, as a rule, but sometimes with silk stripes intermixed when the owner can afford it. The Moros weave them for personal wear, being too lazy to weave them for sale. Any that you may buy has already been worn, and looks the better for it. The very poor Moros and the slaves wear only a breechclout. They do not always have a turban, and they do their long hair up in a wad on top of their heads.

Within a few minutes two dattos joined the group. The first to arrive was Datto Hadji, a datto of the second class, I judge. At least, he was quite inferior in his worldly position to Datto Ali, who had twice as many attendants, twice as much raiment, and a slave to hold an umbrella over him as he dressed. He was as dignified as a lord warden and as gracious as a diplomat.

Lieutenant Reeve of General Bates's staff took the dattos away from the correspondents and camera flends and escorted them to the house of a Spanish merchant, where the General was receiving leading citizens. In a few words he made the dattos think that he was a great and powerful friend of the Moros and could be a great and powerful enemy if he chose. Two friars who came to pay their respects seemed satisfied with the answers to some questions that they asked him. The mestizo leaders of the insurrecto movement, who hated both the priests and the Moros as much as the priests and the Moros hated each other, came in a body. All had heard of "General Bat-tes," as the natives call him, whose fame as the greatest datto in the United States after Mr. McKinley has travelled far and wide. While the local presidente was offering his felicitations, Major Craighill was compelled, with all polite consideration, to search his house for arms.

Three more diverse elements than friars, mestizo unbelievers and Moros could not be found anywhere. A proud polygamist Turk, a Presbyterian deacon and a Patagonian Indian would not be less uncongenial. The art of the administrator is to please them all and to convince them all of our power. In this General Bates was assisted by the mestizo lady of the house. She offered everybody cognac, and

we could pass over awkward moments by paying compliments to her pretty little boy. As I sat down to wait for the hour of raising the flag, I picked up the one book on the table, which I found to be a French-Spanish grammar. It seems that the señora was not too far out of the world to try to improve her mind.

The dattos, the presidente, leading citizens—some of them ex-convicts—staff officers, Captain Sperry of the *Yorktown*, and Captain Negro of the *Manila*, army and navy officers and newspaper correspondents stood around the General as the flag was raised in the plaza at eleven o'clock to the accompaniment of the national salute from the *Yorktown*. "Slowly, slowly," said the General to Lieutenant Reeve, who held the lanyard. It reached the top of the pole just as the last gun echoed over the hills.

So far as I know, the plaza is unique in one respect. It is laid out with stars and flower-bed figures made of German beer-bottles driven into the ground bottom upward. Considering that a great many of the bottles are broken, this is a most effective measure of keeping the masses, who go barefooted, off the grass.

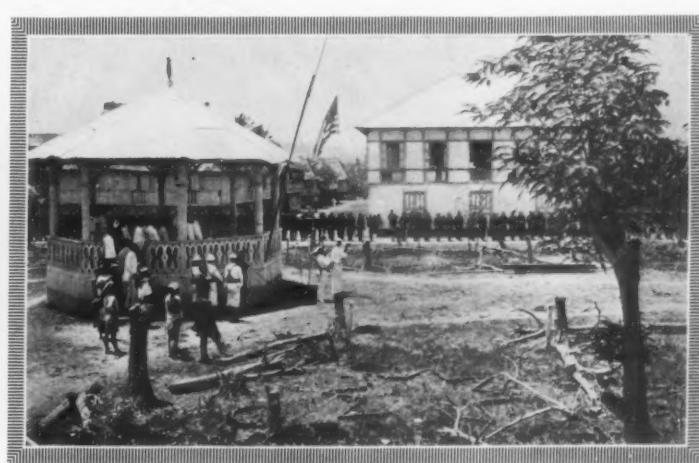
As a town, Iligan is dilapidated, not far short of a ruin. Making it a convict station spoiled its trade; and a typhoon, destroying many of its buildings, completed its discomfiture. Most of the convicts took advantage of the departure of the Spanish soldiers to escape to the Visayas, where some of them are now leading bands of bandits. With all of our searching we got only fifty miserable old rifles. The attitude of the Moros toward the insurrectos left the garrison nothing to do but surrender whenever we made the demand under the guns of the navy. Aguinaldo realized this and kept his arms for places where they would be of more service.

After the flag-raising the General and his party returned to the pier. Many of us were followed at three or four paces by a boy carrying a campilan, krieses and mats that we had purchased. Three farseeing correspondents had with them two or three hundred dollars in Mexican coin for this purpose. Each had put thirty or forty dollars in his pocket before going ashore. He had spent it all in a few minutes and then had tried in vain to get the Moros to accept American gold or Manila paper. All wanted to buy more weapons and all were coming off with their bags of silver in the afternoon to make this the greatest market day that Iligan had ever known. The fleet had gone some two miles down the coast to find a better anchorage. When we reached it we found, however, that if we wished to be in Manila inside of a month we must take the *Salvadora*, which was going to loiter along toward our destination by way of Surigao. All that atoned for my disappointment was Captain Sperry of the *Yorktown*. I not only had an American luncheon, but also an American bath on board. Therefore, this is the proper place to write a sonnet to the captain.

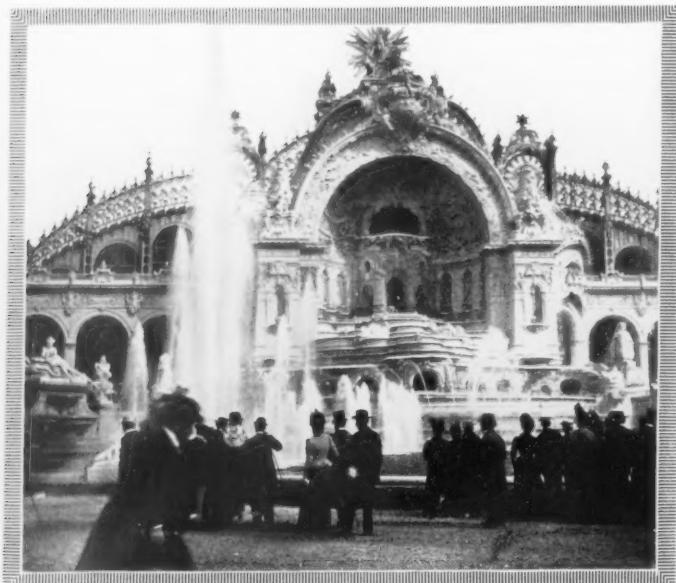
General Bates, on the *Manila*, accompanied by Major McNamee's battalion, was going on to occupy Misamis and Dapitan, where there will be no opposition. Thus General Bates will have accomplished his mission of garrisoning North Mindanao without firing a shot. He then goes to Zamboanga to pay a farewell call to the dattos and the garrison there. For General Otis has granted him his heart's desire. He is to remain in Manila as the commander of the Second Military Department, which is practically the old First Division, under the reorganization of the corps. Brigadier-General Kobbe succeeds him at the head of the Fourth Military Department of the Sulus and Mindanao.



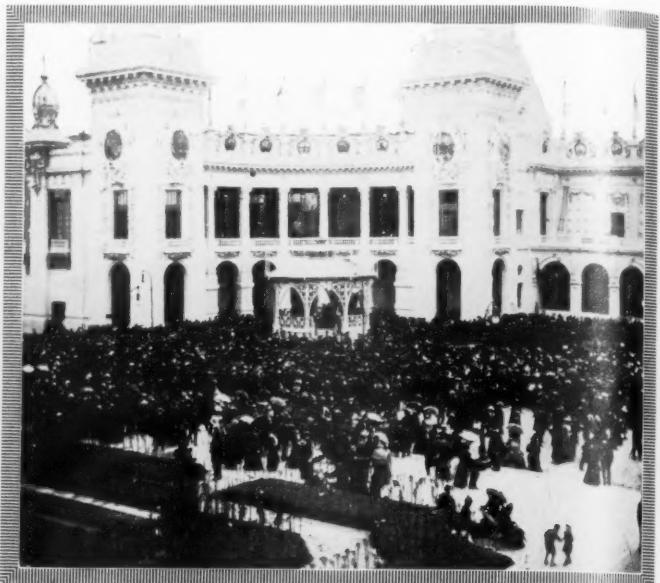
NOTABLE AMERICANS AND FILIPINOS AT ILIGAN



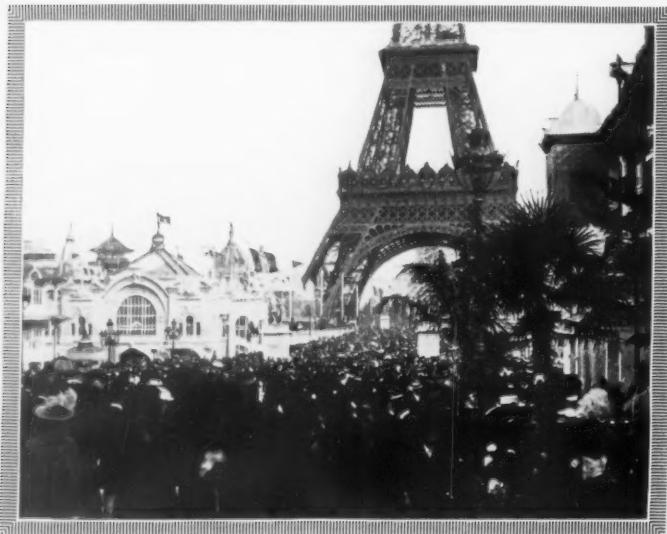
RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES AT ILIGAN



FAÇADE OF THE ELECTRICAL PALACE



VISITORS IN FRONT OF THE INVALIDES



A TYPICAL SUNDAY GATHERING ON THE CHAMP DE MARS

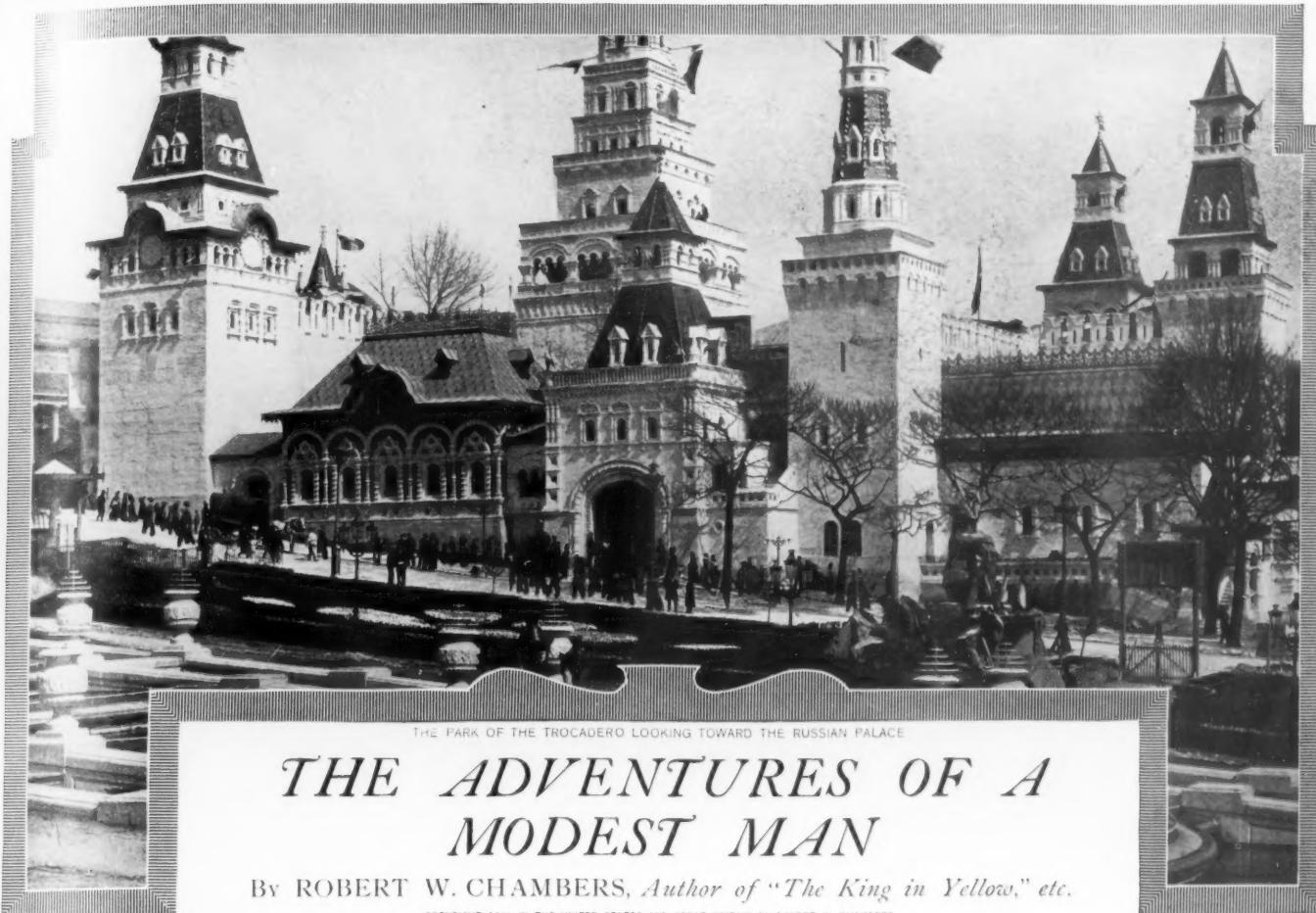


BENEATH THE ARCHES OF THE EIFFEL TOWER



THE CROWD LISTENING TO SOUSA'S BAND ON INAUGURATION DAY OF THE UNITED STATES PAVILION

SOME ENTERTAINING FEATURES OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION



THE PARK OF THE TROCADERO LOOKING TOWARD THE RUSSIAN PALACE

## THE ADVENTURES OF A MODEST MAN

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, *Author of "The King in Yellow," etc.*

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Pete Van Twiller sails from New York with his daughters, Dulcima and Alida, for Paris and the Exposition. In the French capital they meet Captain de Barse, who devotes himself to Dulcima. The captain and his friend, De Chong, attack themselves to the Van Twillers in the capacity of escorts and guide them to the more interesting exhibits of the Park of the Trocadero.

## V.—DOWN THE SEINE

MY DAUGHTER Alida and my daughter Dulcima had gone to drive with the United States Ambassador and his daughter that morning, leaving me at the Hotel Normandie with instructions as to my behavior in their absence, and injunctions not to let myself be run over by any cab, omnibus, automobile, or bicycle whatever.

Considerably impressed by their solicitude, I retired to the smoking room, believing myself safe there from any form of vehicular peril. But the young man from Chicago sauntered in and took a seat close beside me, with benevolent intentions to relieve my isolation.

I preferred any species of juggernaut to his rough riding over the English language, so I left him enveloped in the fumes of his own cigar and sauntered out into the street.

The sky was cloudless; the air was purest balm. Through the fresh clear streets I wandered under the cool shadows of the flowering chestnuts, and presently found myself on the quay near the Pont des Arts, leaning over and looking at the river slipping past between its walls of granite.

In a solemn row below me sat some two dozen fishermen doing over their sport. Their long white bamboo poles sagged, their red and white quill-floats bobbed serenely on the tide. Truly here was a company of those fabled Lotus-eaters, steeped in slumber; a dreamy, passionless band of brothers drowning in the sunshine.

Looking east along the gray stone quays I could see hundreds and hundreds of others, slumbering over their fishpoles; looking west, the scenery was similar.

"The fishing must be good here," I observed to an aged man, leaning on the quay-wall beside me.

"Comme ça," he said.

I leaned there lazily, waiting to see the first fish caught. I am an angler myself, and understand patience; but when I had waited an hour by my watch I looked suspiciously at the aged man beside me. He was asleep, so I touched him.

He roused without resentment. "Have you," said I sarcastically, "ever seen better fishing than this, in the Seine?"

"Yes," he said; "I once saw a fish caught."

"And when was that?" I asked indignantly.

"That," said the aged man, "was in 1853."

I strolled down to the lower quay, smoking thoughtfully. As I passed the row of anglers I looked at them closely. They all were asleep.

Just above was anchored one of those floating *lavoirs* in which the washerwomen of Paris congregate to beat your linen into rags with flat wooden paddles, and soap the rags snow-white at the cost of a few pennies.

The scaps from the washing floated off among the lines of the surrounding fishermen. Perhaps that was one reason why the *lavoirs* were absent from the scenery. On the other hand, however, I was given to understand that a large sewer emptied into the river near the Pont des Arts, and that the fishing was best in such choice spots. Still something certainly was wrong somewhere, for either the sewer and the scaps had killed the fish, or they had all swum away up the Seine on an inland and subterranean picnic to meet the elite among the sewer-rats of Paris, and spend the balance of the day.

The river was alive with little white saucy steamboats, rushing up and down the Seine with the speed of torpedo craft. There was a boat-landing within a few paces of where I stood, so when a boat came along and stopped to discharge

a few passengers, I stepped aboard, bound for almost anywhere, and not over-anxious to get there too quickly. Neither did I care to learn my own destination, and when the ticket agent in naval uniform came along to inquire where I might be going, I told him to sell me a pink ticket because it was pretty. As most Frenchmen believe that all Americans are a little mad, my request, far from surprising the ticket agent, simply confirmed his national theory; and he gave me my ticket very kindly, with an air of protection such as one involuntarily assumes toward children and invalids.

"You are going to Saint Cloud," he said pityingly. "I'll tell you when to get off the boat."

"Thank you," said I.

"You ought to be going the other way," he added.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because Charenton lies the other way," he replied politely, and passed on to sell his tickets.

There was a pretty girl sitting on the bench beside me, with elbows resting on the railing behind. I glanced at her. She was smiling.

"Pardon, madame," said I, knowing enough to flatter her, though she had "mademoiselle" written all over her complexion of peaches and cream—"pardon, madame, but may I, a stranger, venture to address you for a word of information?"

"You may, monsieur," she said, with a smile which showed an edge of white teeth under her scarlet lips.

"Then, if you please, where is Charenton?"

"Up the river," she replied, smiling still.

"And what?" said I, "is the principal feature of the town of Charenton?"

"The Lunatic Asylum, monsieur."

I thanked her and looked the other way.

Our boat was now flying past the Louvre. Above in the streets I could see cabs and carriages passing, and the heads and shoulders of people walking on the endless stone terraces. Below, along the river bank, our boat passed between an almost unbroken double line of dozing fishermen.

Now we shot out from the ranks of *lavoirs* and bathhouses, and darted on past the Champ de Mars with the air ringing under hammer strokes from Exposition buildings; past the ugly sprawling Eiffel Tower, past the twin towers of the Trocadero, and on under the huge stone viaduct of the Point du Jour.

Here the banks of the river were green and inviting. Cafes, pretty suburban dance-houses, restaurants, and tiny hotels lined the shores. I read on the signs such names as "The Angler's Retreat," "At the Great Gudgeon," "The Fisherman's Paradise," and I saw sign-boards advertising fishing, and boats to let.

"I should think," said I, turning to my pretty neighbor, "that it would pay to remove these fisherman's signs to Charenton."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," said I, "nobody except a Charentonian would ever believe that there was fishing in this river."

"Saint Cloud! Saint Cloud!" called out the ticket-agent as the boat swung in to a little wooden floating pier on the left bank of the river.

The ticket-agent carefully assisted me over the bridge to the landing-dock, and I whispered to him that I was the Duke of Brooklyn and would be glad to receive him any day in Prospect Park.

Then, made merry at my own wit, I strolled off up the steps that led to the bank above.

There, perched high above the river, I found a most delightful little rustic restaurant, where I at once ordered luncheon served for me on the terrace in the open air.

The bald waiter sped softly away to deliver my order, and sipped an Amer-Picon, and bared my head to the sweet warm breeze which swept up the river from distant meadows deep in clover.

There appeared to be few people on the terrace. One young girl, however, whom I had seen on the boat, I noticed particularly because she seemed to be noticing me. Then, fearing that my stare might be misunderstood, I turned away, and soon forgot her when the bald waiter returned with an omelet, bread and butter, radishes, and a flask of white wine.

Such an omelet! such wine! such butter! and the breeze from the west blowing sweet as a nectarine, and the green trees waving and whispering, and the blessed yellow sunshine over all—

"Pardon, monsieur."

I turned. It was my pretty little Parisienne of the steam-boat, seated at the next small table, demurely chipping an egg.

"I beg YOUR pardon," said I hastily, for the leg of my chair was pinning her gown to the ground.

"It is nothing," she said brightly, with a mischievous glance under her eyes.

"My child," said I, "it was very stupid of me, and I am certainly old enough to know better."

"Doubtless, monsieur; and yet, you do not appear to be very, very old."

"I am very aged," said I—"almost forty-five." And I smiled a retrospective smile, watching the bubbles breaking in my wine-glass.

Memory began to work, deftly, among the debris of past years. I saw myself a student of eighteen, gravely promenading Paris with my tutor, living a monotonous, colorless life in a city of which I knew nothing and saw nothing save through the windows of my English pension or in the featureless streets of the American quarter, under escort of my tutor and my asthmatic aunt, Miss Janet Van Twiller.

That year spent in Paris, to "acquire the language" in a house where nothing but English was spoken, had still a vague, tender charm for me, because in that year I was young.

Once, only once, had the placid serenity of that year been broken. It was one day—a day like this in spring—when, for some reason, even now utterly unknown to me, I deliberately walked out of the house alone in defiance of my tutor and my aunt, and wandered all day long through unknown squares and parks and streets, intoxicated with my own freedom. And I remember, that day—which was the twin of this—sitting on the terrace of a tiny cafe in the Latin Quarter, I drifted into idle conversation with a demure little maid who was sipping a red syrup out of a tall thin glass.

Twenty-seven years ago! And here I was again, in the scented spring sunshine, with the same west wind whispering of youth and freedom, and my heart not a day older.

"My child," said I to the little maid, "twenty-seven years ago the freedom of a young heart was strangled forever by some well-meaning fools of blessed memory, and the capacity for pleasure forever sealed with the sacred seal of Mrs. Grundy."

"I do not understand you, monsieur," she faltered.

"You cannot, mademoiselle. I am drinking to the memory of my dead youth."

And I touched my lips to the glass.

"I wonder," she said under her breath, "what I am to do with the rest of the day?"

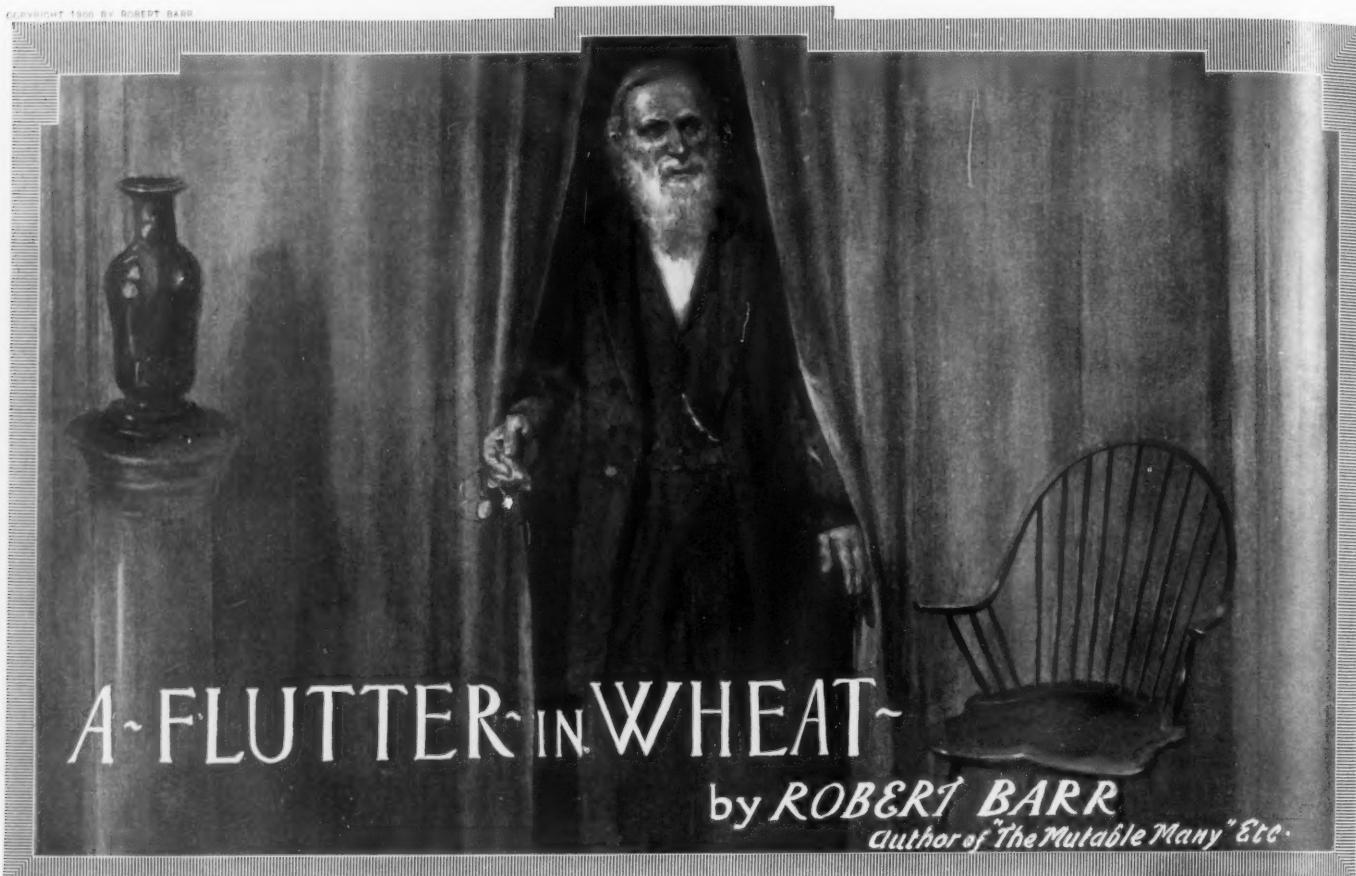
"I could have told you," said I—"twenty-seven years ago."

"Perhaps you could tell me better now?" she said innocently.

I looked out into the east where the gold dome of the Tomb rose glimmering through a pale-blue haze. "Under that dome lies an Emperor in his crypt of porphyry," said I; "deeper lies his dust, bedded in its stiff shroud of gold, lies my dead youth, sleeping forever in the heart of this fair young world of spring."

I touched my glass idly, then lifted it.

"Yet," said I, "the pale sunshine of winter lies kindly on snow and ice, too. I drink to your youth and beauty, my child."



## A-FLUTTER IN WHEAT-

by ROBERT BARR  
*Author of "The Mutable Many," Etc.*

DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON

THE CURTAINS HAD PARTED AND A GRAY-HEADED FIGURE STOOD FOR A MOMENT ENFRAMED BY THEIR FOLDS



VEN IN CHICAGO, a human being must trust at least one other human being, and if a lover may not repose confidence in his lass, and if the lass may not put faith in her own father, then, in the sacred name of the Stock Exchange, of whom have we not a right to be suspicious? "Put not your trust in princes" is a piece of advice all very well for the Old World, but the New might amend it by substituting "any one" for "princes." Because Philip Stanchion could in Edith Lorner and because Edith knew there was no one in the house but her father, and so was careless about a piece of paper, a most precious asset belonging to the great stock-broking firm of J. C. Stanchion & Co., came into the possession of General Lorner just in the nick of time, with the direct consequence that there occurred a wild day in the Wheat Pit of Chicago.

Any writer of fiction who asserted that a Chicago business man gave away to any one on earth a business secret would be accused of mendacity unashamed; but fact rushes in where fiction dare not tread, and this narration deals with fact alone; imagination finds no place in these pages; in other words, this account relates to Chicago.

The firm of J. C. Stanchion & Co. consisted of the "old man" and his son Philip. The latter was not, strictly speaking, a legal member of the company—a fact which had once or twice brought him within measurable distance of a quarrel with his father; but the "old man" was silent and obdurate. J. C. thought his simple assurance that it was "all right" should have sufficed; Philip preferred to have this assurance set down in black and white. It was not that the son distrusted the father, but he was a man of twenty-six who considered himself the equal of any of those devotees of the ticker who abound in Chicago, and he considered himself entitled to the second place in the firm, a position which he occupied in reality if not in name. Aside from all this he wished to marry Edith Lorner, and such a desirable event could not take place when he might be dismissed from his father's employ as promptly and effectually as if he were an impudent clerk.

It was with some reluctance that Philip told Edith the state of affairs, for a man of twenty-six does not like to admit, even to his dearest friend, that he is being treated like a boy of twelve. Edith was very nice about it, and said she was quite as willing to marry him in the circumstances he had related as if he had been the head of the firm. She was ready to take up the business of life with him in a suburban cottage or in a mansion on the Lake Front. The emotions of true affection are as dominant in the breast of a stock-broker as they are in the bosom of the longest-haired poet of the age; the methods of expression only are different. The poet, under the influence, produces a dainty bit of verse; the stock-broker may so far forget himself as to divulge a business secret; and although poetry may be despised in commercial circles, it is infinitely safer than talking of important deals not yet completed.

So when Edith assured him that she was willing to share a home with him, Philip, in a glow of devotional enthusiasm, declared that the thought of her was never absent from his mind, and the girl, laughingly doubting the statement, said that when the market was sensitive and stock quotations in a tremulous condition, she was sure the remembrance of any young lady did not trouble the mind of even the youngest, most susceptible broker. Whereupon Philip set about in a statistical way to prove that she was wrong.

"Do you know what a cipher is, Edie? It is the most sacred thing a man possesses except his wife."

"And as you have no wife—yet—then this cipher—whatever it is—holds a high place in your affections?"

"Naturally. Because in my case it is linked with the name of my girl."

"That doesn't sound in the least complimentary, Phil. A cipher, as I understand it, is nothing. Ergo—I am nothing."

"My dear, you are everything—to me."

"But so the cipher seems to be also. I am quite jealous of it. What is it?"

"A method of secret communication; consequently it is of the utmost importance that it should be unsolvable to all except those who use it. I may say there is a very big transaction going on at the present moment—which involves frequent telegrams between New York and Chicago. Up to date I believe all ciphers have been solved, so I determined to concoct one which would be impregnable."

"Did you succeed?"

"I think so. I am not a little proud of it, although my cipher can hardly be called original; I got the idea from the Russian Nihilists. With us an intercepted telegram might mean the loss of a large sum of money; with them an intercepted letter might mean the extinction of a whole community, so naturally one expects the Nihilists to be a little particular about the security of their medium."

"Then a cipher which in the East may carry a command for the assassination of the Czar is used in the West to order the buying or selling of a million bushels of wheat?"

"Exactly."

"Is it very intricate? I should like to understand it."

"It is very simple, but ironclad and burglar-proof nevertheless. All great things are simple. I number the letters of the alphabet from 1 to 26 and write out my despatch. Thus, if I wished to say 'East, West, Home's best' I would first set down these figures:

"5.1.19.20 + 23.5.19.20 + 8.1.13.5.19 + 2.5.19.20."

"Well, I'm sure that seems obscure enough."

"On the contrary, it is as plain as day to a cipher reader. You have the recurring letter 'e.' Here it appears four times represented by 5. The two letters 's' recur three times as 19 and 20. But see what a complication takes place when I introduce the girl, just as in real life. My key-word is the name 'Edith,' represented by 5.4.9.20.8., figuratively speaking. I add these numbers to the original line, thus:

"5.1.19.20 + 23.5.19.20 + 8.1.13.5.19 + 2.5.19.20  
5.4.9.20 8.5.4.9 20.8.5.4.9 20.8.5.4."

"10.5.28.40 + 31.10.23.29 + 28.9.18.9.28 + 22.13.24.24

Now this sum is the message as it is telegraphed, and I defy any expert on earth to decipher it if he is not in possession of the key-word, which he must subtract from this line of figures to get at the original easily-read line. In two cases the letter 'e' is represented by 10, but that is a mere coincidence and might not occur again in a year. The third 'e' is 9 and the last 'e' 13. The thrice-recurring combination 's-t' is first 28.40; second, 23.29; and third, 24.24. No human skill could unravel that knot of figures."

"So you use my name in your business, do you?"

"Only in this special enterprise to which my father and myself have been devoting our attention for some months past. There are millions involved, therefore we have to be very sure of our cipher. We are merely the Chicago agents. Our chief is in New York, and the operation will affect the whole world. I should not whisper a word of this to any one but you, still I have no fear that you will give it away to the papers. You'll not mention it, will you?"

"You may be sure I shall not. To no living creature will I breathe a word you have said."

This declaration was unnecessary, for the information had already gone home to a quarter where it might be of great advantage. The room in which the lovers talked was the old-fashioned front parlor of General Lorner's residence. Between that room and its duplicate at the back, huge sliding doors had once intervened. Now heavy curtains hung in the place of the doors. During the conversation the curtains had parted and a gray-headed figure stood for a moment enframed by their folds. The lips seemed about to greet the interested pair, but at the word "cipher" they closed into a tight line, the curtains suddenly dropped into place and the figure disappeared. When Edith, as the ancient custom was, saw her lover to the front door, the curtains again parted and the figure came hastily through, seized on the sheet of note-paper on which Philip had set down his reckonings, and fled like a thief.

For some weeks General Lorner had wandered round the house he called his own, with the strong steel jaws of a trap closed in on his ankle. No one else saw the trap, but the General knew it was there and he knew he could not force back its serrated teeth and free his leg. He was supposed to have retired from the Stock Exchange, but what gambler ever abandons finally the green table, while he has the counters to play? The General had sold, for future delivery, 2,000,000 bushels of wheat which he did not possess, expecting the price to go down in the interim, which would allow him to complete his deal at a profit. But the price had not gone down. Every time wheat advanced in price a cent a bushel there was a difference of \$20,000 on the wrong side of the General's banking account, if the advance maintained itself until settling day. This was bad enough, but when the General began to suspect that he was entangled in a wheat corner, with some one man or combination of men owning all the obtainable wheat in the country, then he felt the grip of the steel trap on his ankle, and he knew that, if the corner held good, the jaws of that trap would not open until every penny he possessed had been given up to the men who held the wheat he could not deliver. The Law allows it and the Court awards it. A man, for his own gain, may corner wheat and raise the price of bread until a loaf is unpurchaseable by any poor family in the world, yet the Law not only neglects to hang that man but will actually punish any public benefactor who eliminates the speculator on his own responsibility!

Quiet investigation made General Lorner almost certain that a gigantic wheat corner was in process of formation, that Jim Blades, the great New York speculator, was at the head of it, and that J. C. Stanchion & Co. were his Chicago agents. Then the grip of the house began to hurt. The old man wandered about the grip of the trap, knowing the roof above his head was no longer his own.

When he came into possession of his enemies' code, he locked himself up in his own rooms and pondered. Stretching out his legs as he sat there thinking, he gazed at the imaginary trap.

"I wonder if this will open it long enough for me to get my leg out?" he said to himself.

Two things are necessary in the formation of a corner in wheat: First, almost unlimited money; second, deep secrecy. Jim Blades had plenty of money; every one knew that; so naturally he wanted more. He was favored with secrecy; partly because he had selected silent men to do his work for him; partly because the prime mover in the plot was in New York, while the chief operations were conducted in Chicago; partly because at the moment there was no great financial figure in Chicago of whom all the smaller fry were afraid.

John C. Stanchion sat at his desk in the late afternoon when a telegram was handed to him. He tore open the envelope, glanced at the message, and tossed it over to his son.

"From Jim from Blades. Decode it," he said gruffly.

Philip took the paper, quite mechanically, drew a pad toward him and set down the figures rapidly, mentally summing the numbers 5.4.9.20.8., as he went along.

"I say, father, this is rather a wordy message for Blades to send."

"What's he say?"

There was silence for a few moments while Philip's pen ran rapidly over the paper, then the young man read it a second time:

"Come by first train to New York. Most important. Must consult you. Place full power in the hands of your son and warn him to be ready to act at a moment's notice. Will telegraph him direct if necessary, and you must impress on him the necessity of following instructions to the letter. Millions may depend on it.

BLADES."

During the reading of this the old man had arisen, thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets and was pacing up and down the room.

"There," he cried, "this corner's busted; I knew he couldn't do it with all his cash. This'll break Jim Blades; see if it don't. Tisn't every fool can corner the wheat market."

"Leave here, father, this despatch isn't a bit in Blades's style. He'd say all that in about a quarter the number of words, and say it better too."

"Oh, that's from Blades all right enough. He's rattled; that's what's the matter with him."

"Well, we've never had a communication from him that didn't contain at least two oaths; that's the advantage of a code; you can swear all you want to pay tolls for, while the virtuous telegraph company won't accept a message that has a cross-word in it. Where has it been handed in? Fulton Ferry telegraph office. Well, that's where a good many of his messages come from, but it seems to be a little early for Jim to be going home."

But the old man ignored his son's suspicions.

"Say, Phil, get me a section in the New York sleeper. Send me in the stenographer."

"Don't you think it would be well to have this despatch repeated and corroborated?"

"No. Don't worry about trifles. Do as I tell you."

Early next morning Philip got an astounding despatch, also in cipher, also from Fulton Ferry. Blades had evidently spent an unquiet night. The telegram read:

"Corner broken. Sell every bushel of wheat you can at any price. Market will break as soon as it is known we are unloading; nevertheless, sell to the best advantage you can.

BLADES."

Philip's instructions left him little latitude; nevertheless, he telephoned at once to Blades and asked him to corroborate and repeat his message from Fulton Ferry. This he sent to Blades's office. Within an hour came a message, again from the Fulton Ferry office:

"Follow instructions exactly, otherwise I hold you responsible.

BLADES."

Philip at once sent messengers for the various brokers through whom he did business on the floor of the wheat pit, and gave them directions to begin selling as soon as the session opened and to keep on selling. He knew that if he appeared himself as a seller the price of wheat would go down much quicker than if he held aloof, and he wanted to put in as good a day's work as possible for his principal, whose advantage it was to sell at the highest possible figure.

You cannot dump all the wheat in the world on the Chicago market in one day without some startling effects. At first prices held fairly well, but when the magnitude of the unloading became apparent, quotations went down with a run and something approaching a panic took place.

It was speedily recognized that Philip was the centre of the commotion. Chicago that day was startling the commercial world, and in the Chicago wheat pit every man was watching the actions of Philip Stanchion. People who had been trembling for days because they were short in wheat had at first loaded up, but now they saw that their fears of a corner had evidently been groundless, and they were as ready as ever to sell what they did not possess, forgetting their anxiety of the day before.

Although Philip Stanchion seemed merely a spectator on

the floor, no one of the hundreds of excited men around him doubted the responsibility of his firm for the frightful break in prices. They could not understand his game. For months past J. C. Stanchion & Co. had been the chief upholder of the wheat market; now, in a few hours, without warning, the bottom had dropped out of everything and Philip stood there calm and imperturbable, viewing the wreck like an outsider. Where was the old man? Rumor was dealing wildly with his name. It was said he had decamped for Canada; that he had gone to New York; that he was lying low in his office; that he would appear on the floor at the psychological moment and things would happen. Meanwhile every one watched every action of his son.

A newspaper man had "checked" his way across the floor and was trying to interview Philip for an afternoon journal. What was the real cause of this flurry? Philip didn't know. What was behind it? Again Philip was ignorant. What was the object? Philip couldn't guess. Was there any truth in the report that a corner in wheat had been attempted? Well, it looked like that. "This is the way a corner acts when it breaks down," said Philip, knowing that one way to delude a reporter is to tell him the truth, which he doesn't expect from a broker.

At that moment there rushed across the floor a telegraph boy with a message for Philip. The young man tore it open and read. The telegraph boy waited for an answer. Something of the electricity which had brought that communication from New York seemed to have diffused itself into the atmosphere of that great gambling chamber. A hush fell on the roaring, excited multitude, and every eye was turned on Philip. As he read the despatch he felt the concentrated gaze, and heard the sudden silence. One forceful desire dominated his rapidly beating heart; that his face should remain impassive; that his lip should not quiver; that his hand should not tremble.

There was no question about the authorship of this telegram. With a selfish brutality that considered no one's interest but his own, Blades had not taken the trouble to put his message into cipher, but had sent it naked over the wires to be read by any operator on the circuit. The clerk at the instrument who received it could make more money in one minute by divulging its contents on that floor than he could accumulate in a long and useful life. Yet Blades had thought or cared nothing of this. He must even have browbeaten the telegraph company in New York before it consented to transmit his slanderous threat:

"You cursed fool, how dare you sell my wheat? You will pay for every bushel you've let go, or spend the rest of your life in jail, you sneaking, traitorous hound!"

JAMES BLADES."

Chicago had seen all the great actors of our time, but never had it beheld such consummate art as was now being presented to it by an amateur. Not a muscle of Philip's face moved. He twisted the fatal telegram and stuck it so carelessly into his vest pocket that it fell to the floor, was picked up by the waiting telegraph boy and handed to its nonchalant owner, who now thrust it into his coat pocket. "No answer," he said, waving aside the telegraph boy, who fled. Then turning suavely to the newspaper man:

"I beg your pardon," he cried, "what was the question you asked me?"

The question and others were asked and answered.

"Say, Phil," cried a dealer, "which side of the market are you on, anyhow?"

Philip smiled, although he knew that if he could not get back the hundreds of thousands of bushels he had sold the firm of J. C. Stanchion & Co. was ruined. He smiled, but did not reply.

"I'm going to find out," continued the other. "I've got ten thousand bushels at 72, and I'll buy or sell. Which will you do?"

"Oh, I think wheat at 72 is safe, so I'll buy."

A man less shrewd would have sold.

Philip moved round among the crowd, inviting a number of his friends to a stag dinner he was going to give that night at the Grand Pacific. This afforded him an opportunity to get a quick private word with each of his brokers. The command to reverse the engine—to buy, buy, buy.

Now it was a race against time, and Philip had hard work to keep his eyes from the clock. The market began to feel the reversing of the engine. The steel trap was slowly closing again. Wheat went to 73, to 73½, to 74, to 74½, to 75, hung for a while at 75, jumped to 76, skipping the fractions. Whether or not he could save his firm depended on minutes, and on the activity of his numerous agents.

At last the gong sounded, and the most panicky day Chi-

cago had known for years came to a close with wheat still below the figure at which it had opened.

As Philip strode toward his office, the newsboys were shouting, "All about the Panic! Wheat on the jump again! Great failures!"

He wondered vaguely whether J. C. Stanchion & Co. would be among to-morrow's bankrupts.

At the office he met his brokers and set down the figures they furnished him. Would the buyings counterbalance the sellings? When his agents had departed, he found some difficulty in making his reckoning. He was on the verge of a collapse. He couldn't believe the outcome. The confidential clerk was called in.

"Say, Johnson, just tote up those figures, will you, and give me the result. That column contains the amounts sold and the prices; this, the amounts bought and the prices."

Philip stood leaning against the mantel-shelf, watching Johnson's rapid pen. The latter looked up with a smile.

"You seem to have made a little over a million clear cash on this day's work," he said.

"And we've got all our wheat back again!"

"Yes, sir."

"That will do, Johnson; thank you. That's how I figure it."

Philip pulled himself together, sat down at his desk and opened several telegrams that had been awaiting his arrival at the office. They were all from his father, despatched from various points along the line, and it was evident that the old man had set his face toward the West again. He had telephoned Blades from Buffalo that he was going to New York, and Blades had replied roughly, stopping the broker at Syracuse, ordering him home to attend to business.

Philip telegraphed his father a most reassuring message that would make the remainder of his journey less anxious than the preceding portion had been.

Then he wrote a telegram to James Blades of New York. It ran as follows:

"You Eastern people lack manners, so the West will now give you some hints on telegraphic etiquette. You will apologize instantly by wire for the insolent message you sent me to-day. You will write a second apology with your own hand, sign it and mail it to me. If you neglect to do this in a manner satisfactory to me, I shall throw your business out of this office; renounce my connection with you in to-morrow's papers; and go to New York for the pleasure of caning you in the street."

PHILIP STANCHION."

Jim Blades did all that was asked of him, consoling himself with the reflection that apologies cost nothing, except when telegraphed.

Having got these messages on the wires, Philip betook himself to the Lake Front and called on Edith Lornor. When a man has had a worrying day it is well to visit a nice girl who will talk soothingly to him.

"My father has been away for several days," she said. "And I was so glad he was free from all this wheat excitement. He seems to have been out of sorts for a month, and although he does not speculate any more, I am sure a day like this would have been very wearing on him, for he still takes such an interest in the quotations."

"Then we are two lone orphans, Edie, for my father has been away too, although I doubt if his absence mitigated his anxiety to any perceptible degree."

"There have been some awful goings on in the wheat market, have there not?"

"Well, things have been a bit lively. I've seen quieter times."

"And you had to stand the brunt all alone?"

"Yes, with the assistance of a few friendly brokers."

"What has happened?"

"Many things. I'm a million dollars richer than I was this morning. I naturally begin to feel that I am a man to be reckoned with. To-morrow I shall strike my dictatorial attitude. I shall become a member of my father's firm, or start opposition. I guess the governor won't let me go. Then I shall demand of General Lornor the hand of his daughter."

"Dear me! And will the daughter be allowed nothing to say?"

"The daughter will have everything to say. She shall name the day."

One man got his ankle out of the steel trap. For a whole day the trap had stood open, but only one had the sense to be clear of its notched jaws when it sprung shut again. And General Lornor said, as he tore up a sheet of paper with rows of figures on it:

"Never again shall I touch wheat, except in the shape of bread."

THE END



## WHAT THE MOCKING-BIRD SAYS



By HENRY TYRRELL

IN Old Virginia, in the Spring,  
With nature green in fresh adorning,  
The mocking-bird begins to sing,  
To charm the dusks of night and morning.  
Right merry is the reveille  
He sounds as early dawn is breaking,  
To drive the drowsiness away—  
And it is pleasant waking  
To this aubade:

May morning!  
Time to get up! time to get up!  
Julep! julep! julep!  
Oh, how sweet!  
Sweet! sweet!

WHEN purple mist, by moonlight  
kissed,  
At twilight comes, and night is falling.  
Amid the silence lo! and list!  
The mocking-bird is clearly calling.  
A pensiveness is in his strain,  
Some legendary sweetness olden,  
With tenderness, as he again  
Sings to the moon uprisen golden  
This serenade:

Virginia!  
Look at that moon! look at  
that moon!  
Beauty! beauty! beauty!  
Happy dreams!  
Sleep, sleep,

BUT when the noon of night is high,  
And spellbound lies the land enchanted,  
The heart awake unceasingly  
By dreams, but not of sleep, is haunted—  
Tis then that wild mysterious bird  
In dulcet notes yet all-impassioned  
Ensorcelling with burning word  
The selfsame tune familiar-fashioned,  
Sings thus to silence:

My darling!  
Where is she now? where is  
she now?  
Jennie! Jennie! Jennie!  
Dearest girl!  
Sweet! sweet!

E. HERING.



DRAWN BY E. HERING

IN THE  
DOWN BELOW IN HEAVY WEATHER AMONG THE IMMIGRANTS ON A TRANSATLANTIC



## STEERAGE

ATLANTIC LINER, DURING THE VOYAGE FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW—(SEE PAGE 15)

# The POLITICAL CONTEST of 1900

By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

## VIII

### MONEY AND OTHER ISSUES

THE AGGRESSIVE reverence of Mr. Bryan and his friends for the 16 to 1 issue is hardly more respectable than African fetish worship. It was ignorance which begot the issue, and ignorance and fanaticism keeps it alive. It is not true, of course, that no man who once believed that

misfortune and poverty would be relieved by the free coining of silver, at the ratio of 16 to 1 with gold, is therefore unworthy of trust on other matters; but, other things being equal, we would naturally prefer to confide the trust of government to one who had never been given over to that essentially false conception. Indeed, if we were to take the extreme ground suggested, no candidate of 1896, except Palmer, should have received a single sound-money vote, for all the rest were touched with the silver taint. Mr. McKinley knows no more about the money question than Mr.

Bryan. Probably he has not begun to read so many books on the subject as Bryan has studied. The reading of books on the money question, however, has probably been a great injury to Bryan, for the reason that his political ambitions have tempted him to accept as an economic truth the theory which four years ago was gaining great headway in the West and South. The result is that what he seized upon as a club with which to attack his Republican and plutocratic enemy has apparently become an idol, which he worships with the fanaticism which transforms the East Coast African into a madman in the presence of a serpent, or of a divine stock or stone. Mr. Bryan is obsessed on the money question if he continues to believe in the platform of 1896, and if he persists on reaffirming it. This is that obstinate clinging to the old, dead issue which makes reasonable men doubt his capacity, and if they do not doubt his capacity, they must doubt his honesty. If he is not in the mire of ignorance, he is playing politics with the business and financial interests of the country. The difference between him and Mr. McKinley on this question is very important. With all the latter's ignorance of the subject, he is without prejudices. Not having the habit of troubling his mind with books, he has refrained from reading the pompous and pretentious "works" of the silver cranks. To his mind, the question presented itself as a "vote-getter." He wanted to please the silver men without losing the gold vote. Fortunately for him, when the time came the convention chose the stronger side, and he, with the natural hesitancy of the politician who does not wish to drop anything, was finally persuaded to pronounce the word gold. Since then he has been a gold man, although he is still very far from having sound views on banking and currency questions.

On the other hand, Mr. Bryan stands by the Chicago platform and its 16 to 1 folly, although, oddly enough, the only electoral votes which he had in 1896, and which he is sure to lose this year, were the votes of silver States. This marks the difference between the two candidates. McKinley is under the better influences. Bryan is obliged to scream like a Populist or there is no hope, no political future for him. He seems to talk about the Chicago platform as if he had not read it during the last four years. If he even glanced at it, he would see that the convention which nominated him could not now dream of adopting any such platform. The financial plank of that platform began with the statement that "the money question is paramount to all others at this time." Mr. Bryan does

not believe this is true in 1900; but he does believe that the issues of constitutionalism, imperialism, militarism, and the trusts are paramount. He knows that if he were President he would devote all his energies to the solution of the problems presented by these issues. He has said that the policy of the Republican party is threatening the republican and the democratic form of government; and if, in the face of this, he still insists that the money question is paramount, he is wellnigh incomprehensible. He knows also that he will be unable to secure a particle of legislation on the subject; for the Republicans will have in the Senate at least from 10 to 12 majority over all opposition, until 1905, allowing to the Democrats all probable gains. He knows that the currency bill of this session of Congress makes it absolutely impossible for the executive to abolish or affect the gold standard. In the course of time he will discover that the House of Representatives is growing to be the bulwark of the country against flat money of all kinds. He is, moreover, probably conscious of the attitude of the country; and he ought to know, whatever he may profess before the meeting of the convention, that any elected will vote on the money question who is driven to do so by him and his party. It is because they realize that Mr. Bryan is bound hand and foot on the

money question that a good many gold Democrats will vote for him, but the number of such votes depends entirely on the stand he takes in the campaign. His mere insistence on the reaffirmation of the Chicago platform will probably cost him New York and New Jersey, but it will not necessarily cost him the Middle West, where there is far less fear of Bryanism than there is here; but he cannot be elected at all without the votes of hundreds of thousands of gold Democrats and

Independents, who have very little faith in his intelligence; and not because he once believed in 16 to 1, but because he continues to risk the fortunes of his party on an issue which was defeated in the election of 1896, and in every subsequent election in which it appeared as an issue. It is because of his continued attitude on the money question that Mr. Bryan is the weakest candidate whom the Democrats can nominate. If he is stronger at the polls than he was last election, it is not because he has won the confidence of any substantial number of voters, who doubted and opposed him four years ago, but because the events of the four years, the events of war and expansion, and the conduct of Mr. McKinley and his associates in power, have made McKinley weaker. Mr. Bryan can overcome the advantage which he may enjoy by shouting so loud in behalf of silver as to convince the men whom he must win over to his side that he is utterly impracticable and irresponsible; that he is a one-ideal fanatic, a rude, ignorant and disingenuous demagogue, who is not fit to be trusted with the power of government.

### THE REMAINDER OF THE CHICAGO PLATFORM

There were a good many things in the Chicago platform besides the money and the trust questions. It is the fashion of the framers of that platform to assert that it is the latest and noblest expression of democracy. Many of them know better. The credit of its authorship has been claimed by a number of inconsequential persons, and there is a general belief, founded on his present mastership, that Mr. Bryan dictated it all. This is so far from being the truth that it is pretty well understood that he did not like some of the planks. It is a collection of incongruous and self-contradictory propositions, evidently the work of men who had no settled fundamental principle, but who were hunting for the votes of the ignorant and the discontented.

The assertion, for example, of the belief that the Supreme Court should be packed to secure decisions upholding the legislation of Congress for an income tax, or for any other law which a possible Populist majority might enact, is a proposition which would have defeated the ticket if the silver issue had not. An attempt has been made to explain away this plank, and show that the convention intended to declare that it was Mr. Bryan's purpose to appoint judges of his own way of thinking when he had vacancies to fill, as all Presidents have done. But this will not do. The plank meant much more.

The political branch of the government may control the judiciary. Not only does the President appoint judges, but Congress may change the number of judges. It may add enough judges to the Supreme Court to revolutionize it. It may withdraw questions from the jurisdiction of the courts, for most of their jurisdiction is prescribed in the judiciary acts of 1795 and the amendments. It cannot deprive the court of the right to decide on the constitutionality of a statute, it is true; but, conspiring with the President, it may, by the addition of judges, make the opinions of the court conform to those of the legislature. If the Chicago platform is to be reaffirmed in its entirety, the Democratic party will invite the opposition of all who believe that such interference of the political with the judicial power would be a dangerous menace to our institutions.

### THE INCOME TAX AND STATE OWNERSHIP

There will probably be little discussion of these issues in the campaign. There is a good deal of sentiment in favor of an income tax, but the Supreme Court has decided that such a law as that passed in 1894 is unconstitutional. An income tax law might possibly stand the test of another appeal to the court, but the movement for such an impost is now directed to securing an amendment to the Constitution, which is practically impossible in the present state of public opinion. Whatever may eventually result, the movement is now merely agitation; and the same is true of the discussion of the State ownership of railroads.

### THE CUBAN SCANDAL

There are always some voters who are evading the main issues, and some also are more likely to respond to moral appeals than to true political considerations. There are a great many voters who will take their stand on the issue of imperialism on purely moral grounds, while there are others with whom imperialism is still a debatable issue, who will finally decide the question for themselves on the showing

which the government has already made of its capacity to manage the affairs of distant colonies. To these, and to the great body of men in this country who steadfastly vote against corruption whenever it shows itself, the Cuban scandals will appeal very strongly. They are very gross, and they are the result of sinning against the light. Although Secretary Root, in his annual report, declared that appointments to so-called colonial offices should be made under the merit system, nothing whatever has been done to make this system apply

either to Hawaii or to Porto Rico, where governments have been established, or to Cuba, whither civilians have been sent to aid in the administration of the curious trusteeship which the government is conducting under the military power. On the contrary, Postmaster-General Smith has announced that he made the appointments of Rathbone, Neely, and other postal officers under a system which we are to assume he supposed to be superior to what he called a system of "Academic examinations." It was the old system of "personal acquaintance" and "faithful service."

Mr. Smith has had so long to do with party politics that one would suppose that he could recognize these old phrases of the sportsman; but he and the President fell into the trap, appointed men with whom the bosses and sub-bosses had had long "personal acquaintance," and who had rendered to the party a large amount of "faithful service." For this faithful service, the moral character of which was never inquired into, these henchmen expected reward at the expense of the public, and they received it in Cuba. The result was inevitable. The presumption is that the man who is appointed to office, as to a "good thing," will regard the opportunity as his quarry, will make out of it all that he can, avoiding jail if possible. It may be that his dishonesty will take the form of embezzlement, but most office-seekers being unenterprising men, theft is beyond their courage. They rob the government in other ways, by lax methods, by neglect of duty, by stealing public funds, by voluntary inefficiency. What is fraught with danger at home, however, under the eye of chiefs, inspectors, and the newspapers, seems safer at the distance of a thousand or twelve hundred miles. It probably seems safer still at a distance of ten thousand miles, and strong intimations of scandal from the Philippines have already reached the country in the form of a general order issued last November by General Otis, in which the commanding officer at Manila speaks of charges, which seem to him to be founded on fact, of bribery and other crimes against the government.

### CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

The feeling on the subject of the Cuban scandals will be intensified by the attitude of the Administration on the whole question of Civil Service Reform. Mr. McKinley's is the first Administration, since the passage of the law of 1883, which has struck a blow at Civil Service Reform. All his predecessors of these seventeen years—Mr. Arthur, Mr. Cleveland, and Mr. Harrison—have materially extended the reform, but Mr. McKinley has not only broken the promise of his party to extend the service, but he has restored thousands of offices to the spoils-men. He and his friends in Congress are now to be counted among the dangerous enemies of the merit system.

### CONCLUSION

It will be seen from these articles that, in the opinion of the writer, neither Mr. McKinley nor Mr. Bryan is worthy to be President of the United States. The choice presented to the voters will be a choice of evils. Very few intelligent men will vote for either with any enthusiasm or hope of thereby securing good administration. The votes will be against either McKinley or Bryan, instead of for either. Those who regard imperialism as a menace to our institutions, and as a renunciation of our proclaimed faith in human rights, will vote against McKinley. Those who believe in imperialism, who want to see the Republic depart from its traditions and its ancient ways, and to become a strong military and naval power, will vote against Bryan. Those who believe in a protective tariff and in subsidies for strife will vote against Bryan, unless they think the issue of imperialism of first and overshadowing importance, and are anti-imperialists. Those who favor a tariff for revenue, and are opposed to any protection for trusts and to combinations of capital, will vote against McKinley. Those who regard the money question as of more moment than that touching the character of the government and its nations, will vote against one or the other, as they favor the gold standard or silver.





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**From a Woman's Viewpoint**  
Edited by MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SUMMER READING

**A** PREVALENT impression that summer reading should be very light, and not of a character to tax the attention too imperatively, seems justified when the thermometer registers a degree among the nineties. Yet even in summer we cannot live exclusively on ices and syllabubs, and the summer novel palls if it leave us nothing to think about; if it be wholly composed of graceful and clever sayings and situations, with no substratum for discussion and reflection. A book recently published by the Scribners, "Unleavened Bread," is both witty and thoughtful; it provokes comment, it arrests and holds an unequalled attention. Robert Grant, its author, in previous work has touched upon the peculiarities of American social life with a very winning and sometimes whimsical insistence; he has insight and felicitous terseness of description; and whether women resent or admit it, the fact remains that few writers have so studied them, and have so happily hit off their inconstancy as well as their earnestness and sincerity, as has Mr. Grant. He has the crowning merit of proving always interesting, an interesting when he arouses opposition as when he receives approval and gratified acquiescence.

Selma White, the Western girl, who is the heroine of "Unleavened Bread," is a woman of the type of Becky Sharp; she is Becky in a different environment and under American conditions. Even Thackeray, with his marvellous genius, has not brought out in Becky a certain sexual characteristic which many women will disclaim and others regard as coarse, notwithstanding the delicate subtlety of its handling, the instinct which aids in leading Selma three times to the matrimonial altar. She is represented as beautiful, with a sort of "worried arachnoid look," whatever that may be. She is very conspicuously a man's woman, less successful with her own than with the other sex, easily deluding and strongly impressing three men of diverse types: her first husband, whom she summarily divorces; her second, who dies under the strain of living with her; and her third, with whom, as he is a humbug and hypocrite like herself, she is triumphantly happy at the end of the story.

This book, "Unleavened Bread," is well chiselled. Our political machinery, our restlessness pushing ahead, our crude newness, our greed for gold, our fever for display, our haste for luxury, are relentlessly exposed in its pages. It abounds in passages of straightforward and emphatic meaning, which are woven into the narrative, and clutch one by their opposite force.

There is more than a novel of the indecent in this outspoken book. It may afford food for thought in all sorts of homes for many months to come.

HERE AND THERE AMONG WOMEN

A WOMAN seated on a thoroughbred and mettlesome pony, a woman driving a pair of swiftly-stepping pacers, a woman spinning along on a bicycle, in each instance is a beautiful sight. But a woman in an automobile somehow eclipses the others, and represents the high-water mark of modern luxury. An automobile is like some primeval force of the universe as it speeds along without visible agency to speak of, and a charming automobile, seated at her ease and dressed in a sumptuous summer costume, may give points to Hebe, Juno, or any other queenly group which used to convene on Olympus. Mrs. Cushman K. Davis and Miss Cassini are among those residents of Washington who have successfully adopted the automobile in its latest form. The latter is the niece of the Russian Ambassador, and possesses her full share of the delicate and fascinating loveliness of her countrywomen.

Madame Wu, the wife of the grave and suave Oriental who represents China at the capital of the most progressive nation under the sun, is a conservative woman, as befits her high birth and station and her training, yet she is not wholly averse to Western ideas. It cannot be possible for a Chinese gentlewoman of Madame Wu's intelligence and shrewdness to dip ever so little into our society, to venture at all over the line which excludes the Oriental woman from meeting people not of her immediate household, and remain unimpressed. This lady is an admirable wife and mother, and adheres to her own ways in this alien land.

A very keenly wrought and profoundly psychological story is the realistic romance, by Edith Wharton, called "The Touchstone." For reading aloud to a listening group under the trees, on the veranda, in a corner of some great drawing-room, few books excel this. It is in the manner of Henry James, but it is his manner modified by the quickness and the unerring intuition of the feminine mind. The pace of the story is rapid, while there is an air of leisure in its telling; the shades, of which there are many, are thrown into strong relief by the lights, and the situation on which the whole structure depends is like a foundation where every stone is placed with an exceeding care. A more modern story we seldom find; it belongs to the close of this century, and, while so unusual as to be quite off the beaten track, its sentiment, its arguments, and its people are all familiar.

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A darkened room is far more comfortable and conducive to restful sleep than one partially lighted. In our cities, with the all-pervading electric lamps turning night into day, one's bed-chamber is seldom totally in shadow, unless one takes the wise precaution to have opaque inside shades of very dark green or blue holland, which may be rolled down at night, excluding every obtrusive ray. As for the city noises, they are omnipresent. We may hope that the incoming century will devise some door of relief from the never-ceasing clangor of cars—elevated, cable and trolley—and from the rattle and bang of street vendors' carts and delivery wagons. Perhaps a day may dawn when the milkman may cease to leave his wares on the threshold with a fierce and belligerent cry and a furious clatter down the street. Let us wait and be patient. Among needed improvements the abatement of noise takes first place.

All superfluous draperies may now be taken down, thoroughly brushed and shaken and put away for the season. Housekeeping in summer should go on under bare poles. Iced tea, made freshly and quickly cooled, of your favorite brand, is a refreshing beverage. If you have no preference, try Ceylon tea with the faintest dash of orange pekoe. Iced coffee is a delicious accompaniment to luncheon, and should always be served with whipped cream, which increases its dainty appearance as well as adds to its agreeable taste.

"Five cents for a breeze!" alluringly called the smooth-voiced chocolate-colored seller of palmleaf fans as he sauntered through the car on a steaming hot day. Five cents for a breeze seemed so absurdly cheap that his store of fans melted away like ice in the sun.

In our summer plans, particularly when the heat may at any moment leap upon us like a tiger from a jungle, we must consider questions of ease and comfort. Coolness is a *sine qua non*. Primarily, a decision should be made as to why one selects place for the pitching of the summer tent. Is the salt of the ocean or the ozone of the hills the more attractive? Are you wanting a tranquil and hushed place where you may rest and gain reinforcements of strength, or is your heart set upon innocent gayety and a round of trips and excursions of an outdoor sort? Is golf included in your summer programme? Are you bent on fishing, or boating, or tramping? Are there children to be thought of, or young people to be considered? Are there old folk who must be settled agreeably to themselves? These are pertinent questions, and must be canvassed along with the very substantial and not to be overlooked other question of the money basis. How much can you afford or are you willing to spend on your summer pleasures? There are several grades of comfortable hostleries from which a choice may be made, from great inns perched on mountain ledges or on points within sound of the surf, to farmhouses which open their doors to accommodate a few guests. A small family hotel is often a satisfactory lodging-place if it be well kept and its usual patronage is drawn from unobjectionable sources. The judicious summer boarder ascertains beforehand whether the beds in an inn are good, the table satisfactory, and the general air of the establishment what he desires. A preliminary personal visit of inspection is also to be recommended, as references of the rose-colored variety sometimes prove disappointing. People should select with a view to their own needs and ideals. That which altogether suits one family may fall far below the standards of another; and for this reason, if no other, a visit, when the place is not too remote, is better than dependence on testimony of any description. One should have a clear idea of what he especially requires, what madame and the young ladies wish, and what is essential to the safety and well-being of the children before finally completing arrangements for summer board.

#### A BIT OF DAINTY NEEDLEWORK BY MARY J. SAFFORD

A CHARMING little silk work-bag or basket would prove an acceptable gift to a friend, and would be useful to hold the fancy work always seen in somebody's hands on hotel pianos.

The materials needed are two pieces of silk—one for the outside and one for the lining—each  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  wide at the centre, decreasing in a very shallow curve from the centre to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches at each side, two yards and a half of satin ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide, 12 brass rings three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and five pieces of stout cardboard 8 inches long, one 4 inches wide, two  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and two 2 inches wide.

The bag before me is made of pink and white brocaded silk on the outside, and plain pink China silk for a lining. Lay the brocade, wrong side uppermost, on a table or cutting board, and place the four-inch strip of cardboard exactly in the centre, extending across the width, so that the deepest part of the curve is opposite the middle of the four-inch sides. Baste it down on the brocade, place the two pieces  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide on each side, leaving just space enough for a row of stitching; baste these down also, and on each side, in the same way, the pieces two inches wide. Baste these also upon the brocade. If properly fitted there should be a quarter or half an inch of silk beyond the last pieces. Next baste the lining silk upon the brocade over the cardboard, turning in the edges of both pieces of silk and basting carefully together, but allowing the brocade to extend a very little beyond the plain silk.

The next thing must be done by some one who is very skilful in the use of the sewing machine. A row of stitching, fastening the silks firmly together, is made between the pieces of pasteboard and another row across the ends. The lining is then hemmed very neatly down upon the brocade around the *entire* bag, thus finishing the edges of the outside pieces of cardboard.

A piece of the plain silk,  $16\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide and four inches long, is finished with a hem three-quarters of an inch wide, through which, one-quarter of an inch above, a second running is made, forming a casing for a piece of narrow elastic  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, which draws up the silk at the top to form a bag. The bottom is turned up one quarter of an inch and gathered to a space of 4 inches; the sides are also turned in and sewed firmly in the centre of one of the  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch strips of cardboard, the top of the bag being turned toward the 2-inch strip.

A triangle of cardboard 5 inches wide and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches long is covered on one side with brocade, on the other with the lining, and fastened at the two corners, in the centre of the second  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch piece of cardboard, the lining silk uppermost, and the point turned toward the 4-inch cardboard. A piece of satin ribbon, with a small bow at each end, extends across the top of the triangle.

The brass rings are sewed, six on each side, as follows: Two are placed above the row of stitching, between the two outer pieces of cardboard, each three-quarters of an inch from them; two more are placed  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the centre of the ends of the  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide strips of cardboard; and the two remaining ones are sewed  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches beyond the rows of stitching, between the 4-inch strip and those on each side.

Finish by running two pieces of satin ribbon through the twelve rings, fastening the ends of one piece in a bow above the top of the silk bag, and the ends of the other in a bow above the triangle. Drawing the ribbons up forms and closes the bag.

Among the pleasant bits of good fortune on which we may felicitate Barnard College is the appointment of Miss Margaret E. Maltby as Instructor in its Chemical Department, with full charge of the Laboratory. She is from Oberlin, graduating in the class of 1882. Miss Maltby's equipment is very remarkable; she is personally charming, being young and comely, and she will add another star to Barnard's galaxy of attractions.

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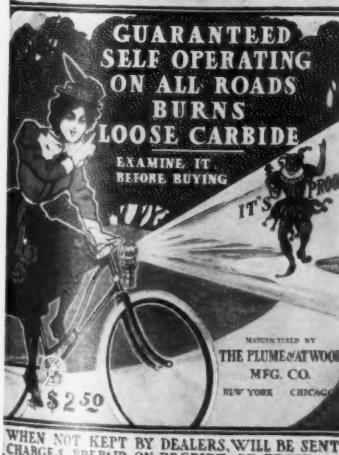


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### SERVED HIM RIGHT

HE CAREFULLY prepared the small garden plot, while his wife, deeply interested in his labor, stood watching him. After he had put in the seeds and smoothed over the bed, his wife took his arm to accompany him to the house, and on the way she asked:

"When will the seeds come up, John?"

Laying his hand caressingly on her shoulder, the smart man said:

"I don't expect them to come up at all, my dear."

"You don't?" she exclaimed. "Then why have you gone to all that trouble?"

With a smile that sprang from superior knowledge he answered: "The seeds won't come up, but the plants and flowers will, by and by."

Yet he was wrong; for his neighbor's hens got into his garden, and the seeds did come up.

### A COMFORTING REFLECTION

SNIPS: "Was that you I saw driving about in a carriage the other day? And yet you cannot afford to pay me the five dollars you owe me."

Splasher: "That's nothing. You ought to see the bill I owe the livery stable."

### AN EXPEDIENT AMENDMENT

WIFE (reading): "Another mysterious suicide—unknown man throws himself from a cliff."

Husband (thoughtlessly): "Bet his wife was at the bottom of it."

Wife: "Charles!"

Husband (hurriedly): "Of the cliff, my love; not the suicide."

### A STORY WITH A MORAL

SURGEON-GENERAL STERNBERG of the army says that when he was going into the battle of Bull Run the Irish sergeant-major of his regiment came to him with a big bag of gold coin weighing three or four pounds and said:

"Doctor, I know that I'm to be killed entirely and I want you to take care of this money and see that it gets to the old folks at home."

There was no time to remonstrate or make any other arrangement, and, dropping the bag into the surgeon's lap, the Irishman hurried away to his place at the head of the column. All through two bloody days Dr. Sternberg carried that bag of gold with his surgical instruments, and it was a burden and embarrassment to him. He tried to get rid of it, but couldn't find any one willing to accept or even to share the responsibility, and he couldn't throw it away for the sake of the "ould folks at home."

Toward the close of the second day the surgeon was taken prisoner. He lost his surgical instruments and his medicine case, but clung to the gold, and, making a belt of his necktie and handkerchief, tied it around his waist next to his skin to prevent its confiscation by his captors. During the long, hot and weary march that followed, the gold pieces chafed his flesh, and his waist became so sore and blistered as to cause him intense suffering; but he was bound that the "ould folks at home" should have the benefit of that money, and by the exercise of great caution and patience managed to keep it until he was exchanged with other prisoners and got back to Washington. There he found his regiment in camp, and one of the first men to welcome him was the Irish sergeant-major, who was so delighted to learn that the doctor had saved his money that he got drunk and gambled it all away the first night.

### OBJECTIVE MISERY

"YES," she sighed, "for many years I've suffered from dyspepsia."

"And you don't take anything for it?" her friend asked. "You look healthy enough."

"Oh," she replied, "it's my husband that has it."

### IN FRANCE

SECOND (to a duellist who, on confronting his adversary, has suddenly grown pale, and is only just prevented from falling): "Take courage, man. I know your opponent is going to fire in the air."

The Count: "That's just what makes me afraid. He's such a notoriously bad shot."

### TWO REASONS

HE: "Only one; just a little one." She: "Oh, no! I have no desire to be added to the list of girls you have kissed."

He: "I have never kissed a girl in my life." She: "Oh! Then I am not going to let you serve your apprenticeship on me."

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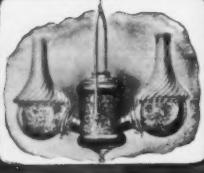
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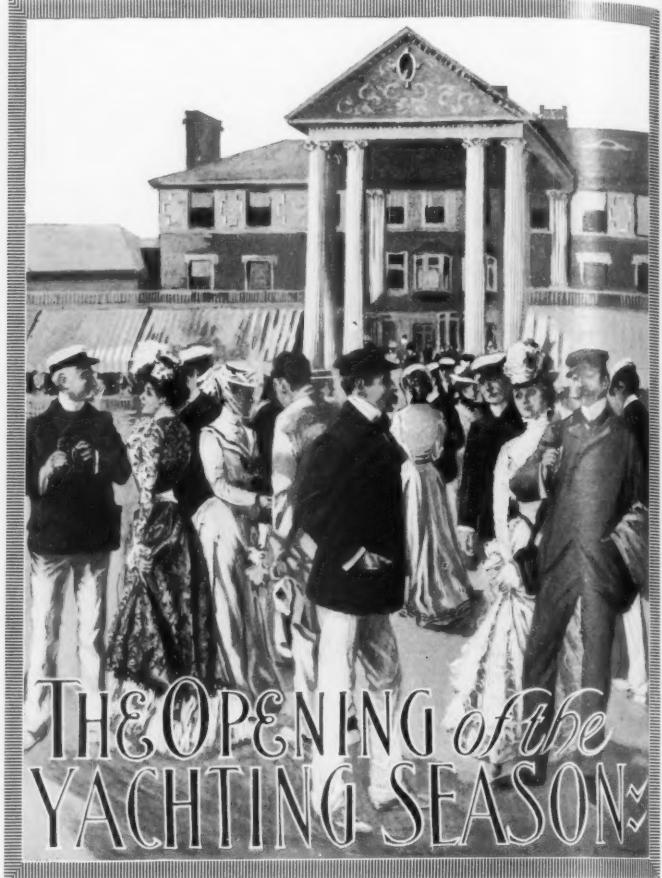
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DRAWING BY R. G. VOSBURGH



IT IS AN accepted fact that races for the America's Cup create added interest in yachting in the seaboard cities of the United States. The best proof of it is that since the last international contest, when that royal good sportsman, Sir Thomas Lipton, came over with his *Shamrock*, and fought us fairly for the possession of that time-honored trophy, yachtsmen have been striving with commendable zeal to improve their old boats, and to build new ones that would excel in beauty and in speed any that have gone before.

Yachting is a sport apart from any of the others. Our amateur skippers are among the best in the world, as is frequently shown—for example, every season, in the now famous 30-foot class, where men of wealth and brains take their boats out in half a gale, reef them down if necessary, and sail them with a skill that often puts the so-called professionals to shame. Such skill is not easy to acquire. Practice, and plenty of it, which means the sacrifice of much time and not a little money, is required to become a good helmsman, and the best helmsman generally wins the race.

There is every promise of a brilliant yachting season for 1900. Many new yachts have been built to compete in all the best racing classes, and one may expect to see some lively competition in both the schooner and sloop classes at the annual regattas of all the big clubs not only on the Atlantic

seaboard, but on the Great Lakes, where the racing interest is increasing every year.

As a direct result of the *Columbia-Shamrock* races a new fleet of 70-footers has sprung into existence. Fashioned by those past-masters of designing—the Herreshoffs—almost on the exact lines of *Columbia*, three of these clipper craft have already left the ways to go through the "tuning-up" process, and as they are of the one-design type, it will be interesting to watch the handling of them by their respective skippers and crews, for upon these men and their judgment will depend their chances of success, the models and sail plans being identical.

There is much speculation, and not a little adverse comment, on the choice by the owners of two of the 70-footers of a British skipper and crew to sail their boats. Owners, of course, claim their right to engage whatever men they choose. On the other hand, many believe this will result in keener competition; for it is fair to suppose that the American crews will work harder to win from the British sailors, than if they were pitted against their own countrymen.

Some splendid racing is anticipated in the 70-foot class, which will include August Belmont's new Herreshoff-built yacht *Mineola*, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s, *Virginia*, the *Queen Mob*, and three new ones purchased on the other side—*Astrild*, *Isolde*, and *Hester*—owned by the Hanan brothers, Fred, M. Hoyt, and C. L. F. Robinson, respectively.

The 31-foot class, the 36, 43 and 51-foot classes will each have some interesting additions in new boats, while in the most popular of small classes—the 30-footers—there will be more than usual interest, as well as in the 25-foot knockabout classes.

It is pretty well understood that Sir Thomas Lipton will challenge for the America's Cup in 1900, something that is looked forward to with great pleasure by all yachtsmen, for the last event has left only the kindest feelings for this excellent sportsman.

A plucky race, in quite a gale from the east-north-east, opened the season for New York waters on Long Island Sound on Saturday, May 19. It was the opening regatta of the Huguenot Yacht Club of New Rochelle. When the starting signal was given, the rain poured in torrents, and the wind blew straight up the Sound, kicking up a nasty sea for the little fellows. The skippers, with true sporting spirit, sent their craft across the line in a smother of foam, with sunken reefs tied down, and close-hauled on the port tack.

On Decoration Day the Atlantic Yacht Club holds a regatta for club yachts over its regular courses for special prizes. The Atlantic's annual regatta and cruise will probably be the largest in the history of the club. The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club opened its club-house on May 26, and on Decoration Day, at noon, the club was placed in commission for the season.

The New York Yacht Club has no formal event until the annual regatta in June. A number of interesting events have been planned by the regatta committee for the season, including the annual cruise in August, which brings out the finest fleet of steam, schooner and sloop yachts to be found in any part of the world. This year's cruise will be particularly interesting by reason of the advent of the new 70-foot yachts.

The officers of the Larchmont Yacht Club have planned a splendid racing programme for the season, beginning with a spring regatta in June. The club-house opened on May 26.

The Indian Harbor and New Rochelle Yacht Clubs are to hold special regattas on Memorial Day, and the Harlem Yacht Club will probably start more small yachts on that day than any club in New York waters. The sail is on the Sound. JAMES C. SUMMERS.

# SPORT TRAVEL ADVENTURE

EDITED BY WALTER CAMP.

## A NATIONAL HIGHWAY FOR AUTOMOBILES

By S. E. TILLMAN, U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY

WHEN THE suggestion for a national highway for automobiles is first heard, many are likely to consider it as coming from a small class of pleasure-seekers, but a little consideration convinces most people that it has a deeper basis and is but the first note of a demand which is certain to swell to something like a popular call in the near future. The automobile at present, so far as private ownership is concerned, is largely a pleasure machine, but its possibilities are immense. It is capable of accomplishing, over fairly good roads, every kind of transportation now made by animal power, at far greater speed and at less final cost. That the machines will become more perfect in mechanism and be greatly reduced in cost, there is no doubt. These facts make it certain that they will soon be built for business as well as pleasure, and that they will, in thickly settled areas, be traversed by good roads, very largely replace animal power.

The plea is for a national automobile highway across the continent but a renewed demand for one splendid object lesson in good road making. The owners of pleasure mobiles may not all fully grasp the importance of this plea and of this lesson, but many do and the manufacturers of mobiles see the broad field opening up to the new vehicle and are anxious and materially interested in having its range as widely and rapidly extended as possible. While private interests are here involved, they are directed to the public good. In addition to the above indicated interested parties, there are many others equally anxious for a good highway—let it go by *any name*. In this class we may include all the riders of bicycles. The advent of the bicycle gave a great impetus to good road-making. The bicycle riders are numerous and have much influence, which joined with that of other progressive citizens, have in several States been able to get annually larger appropriations for road building. Massachusetts last year appropriated a half-million dollars and New Jersey nearly one-third as much. These States have taken similar action for several years past. The roads thus built are valuable object-lessons for all classes in the sections through which they run; thus the farmers, who have the greatest material interest in good roads, have been induced to lend assistance in their proper construction. This class in many places now see their two-horse teams drawing from four to five tons, where they used to stall with less than two tons.

There is a limit to the ramifications of the railway, but there is none to the extension of good highways, until every hamlet and every farm is touched. The advent of the automobile is the precursor of universal good roads and marks the beginning of a revolution in the carrying business of the country, as well as many other material and social changes. The construction of a national automobile highway is a worthy labor with which to begin the twentieth century.

The route tentatively suggested for such a highway at a recent dinner of the Automobile Club is the following: Starting from Boston, to pass through Albany, Rochester, Niagara, Cleveland, Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake to San Francisco. From Boston along the coast a branch would extend to Portland, another to New York, Philadelphia, Washington and eventually to St. Augustine, Fla. On the west coast a branch would extend to Portland, Ore., and to Los Angeles.

The conception is a grand one, and its realization will be a great national achievement. Such a highway at certain seasons of the year would bear upon its surface innumerable vehicles, forming an almost continuous line from ocean to ocean, with far mightier streams extending along the coasts. The main and important branch lines of the highway would eventually become the avenues of the adjacent villages which would spring up along the lines, forming continuous suburbs of the important cities.

The expense of the undertaking will be very large, but it is thought that national, State, county and individual support will bring it within reasonable and practicable limits.

### CYCLE RACING OUTLOOK

BY F. ED. SPOONER

CYCLE RACING is not limited to the Eastern country this season. With the settlement of the racing controversy, which cast its blight upon the sport in 1898, every one interested in cycling east to one side the spirit of war and all joined hands to uphold the game upon a sounder basis than ever. The National Cycling Association won the fight, but the L.A.W., after keeping the new organization in suspense a year longer than was necessary, retired and welcomed the victors with a cordial handshake. The harmony which

exists in the cycling field is responsible in a large degree for the enthusiasm manifested everywhere to-day. From the furthest western points to New England, and from the southernmost points where racing flourishes to Montreal, promoters are planning for a grand season of successes.

Everything in a cycle racing way will be conducted upon new lines this year. Tracks will give weekly meets instead of promoting only a few events. The success attained at a number of tracks last year which promoted these weekly meets acted as an object lesson for all of the others. By steady promoting the patrons became familiar with the riders, and there was created an army of cycle-race followers quite as rabid, quite as cranky, as the baseball enthusiasts who are never known to miss a baseball game throughout a season, providing the sport is maintained upon a successful basis. Vailsburg track at Newark, the Coliseum at Baltimore and the Salt Lake City Coliseum cleared from \$8,000 to \$15,000 on the season through promoting a regular run of meets. These successes brought about the announced policy of Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee, Chicago, Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Terre Haute, Fort Wayne, Des Moines, Burlington, Buffalo, Syracuse, Baltimore, Washington, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Manhattan Beach, New York, New Haven, Providence, Fall River, Brockton, New Bedford, Charles River, Waltham, Mass., and many more, to give these regular weekly events.

Over fifteen of these cities will have new tracks. For the past two years not over five new tracks have been constructed throughout the United States. Success with the many new tracks which will be completed this month will result in the formation of new companies in a score of other cities to build before the summer is fairly on.

With such an increase of racing the problem has been presented again and again regarding the entry lists. It has been held that there would not be enough riders of prominence to go round. Not so, however; for old-time champions have returned in great numbers and the score or more stars who had practically booked their passage to Europe have given up the trip. Amateurs in great number have taken out professional registration. Some of these have done so voluntarily, while others have been requested to do so by the new body which aims to clear up the field and start anew in many ways.

MRS. HANSBOROUGH, WIFE OF THE SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA

MISS MERRIAM, DAUGHTER OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE CENSUS



THE AUSTRIAN MINISTER AND HIS WIFE

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THE USE OF AUTOMOBILES IN WASHINGTON



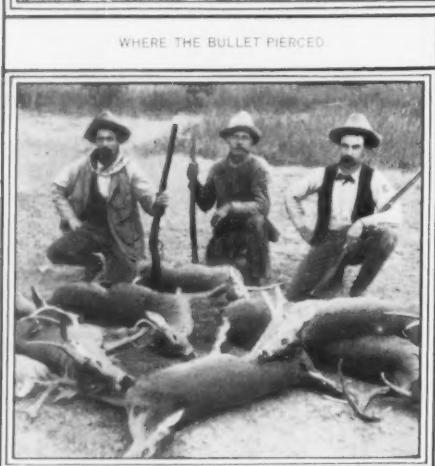
WHERE THE BULLET PIERCED

## DEER SHOOTING IN THE OSAGE NATION

BY  
W. R. DRAPER



ONE MAN'S BURDEN



A GOOD DAY'S WORK

A HALF-DOZEN MEN in hunting costumes sat in a covered wagon, commonly known in the West as a prairie schooner, which jolted slowly over a dusty, winding road. The prairie was becoming more broken as they neared the great stretch of timber to the westward. Little brooks grew into gushing creeks, and these were sometimes dangerous to "ford." Trees rose to enormous heights, and bluffs and mountain sides engulfed the wagon, when an hour later the men had crossed the Oklahoma border into Osage Indian Reservation. This is the forbidden hunting-ground of the white man, and a place where Indians are too lazy to hunt the game that lives among them. Hence it is a paradise for those who have not the fear of the law before their eyes, who hunt, despite the bans against them.

For miles and miles, across streams that wound like snakes, through acres of underbrush and over rocky hills, the hunters journeyed. At night they pitched camp on the banks of Beaver Creek. Great cottonwood trees spread their branches for a roof, while cool, sparkling water trickled from the rocky cliff on the north.

The hunters had driven forty miles in a heavy farm wagon, and were tired. All hunting outfits enter the Osage Nation in the same manner and over similar routes. This is done to avoid the Indian police. The law which forbids white men to hunt on the Reservation provides a penalty of fifty dollars and confiscation of all your hunting outfit for those who disobey it; hence no one cares to meet a servant of the Osage government while enjoying his favorite sport. In consequence the "guides," who live at railroad stations in Southern Kansas and Eastern Oklahoma, do a good business putting hunting parties on the right trail. There is a long, dusty road from Caney, Kansas, to the hills west of Pawhuska, the Osage capital, and over this route a policeman has seldom ridden. The trail was made mainly by hunting parties, and is the grand entrance into a hunter's paradise. The Indian police, of course, know of the route, but for some reason best known to themselves they rarely go that way.

Supper that night was enriched by a mess of perch from the placid waters of Beaver Creek, and the tired men from the city lay down to dream of great hunting feats on the morrow. For the time they forgot they were in the land of the redskin—he who once owned all the forest and all the prairie.

The hunters had been asleep perhaps an hour when they were startled by a wild whoop, followed by a series of demoniacal yells, screeches and wails. Then there came the clatter of drums and the rattle of shells and bones. Then the yells and shrieks were slowly modulated into a song, so strident and so discordant that it might have come from the infernal regions.

The guide was awakened by the combined shouts and



SKINNING THE GAME



A STRING OF DEER MEAT



IN CAMP AT THE DAY'S END



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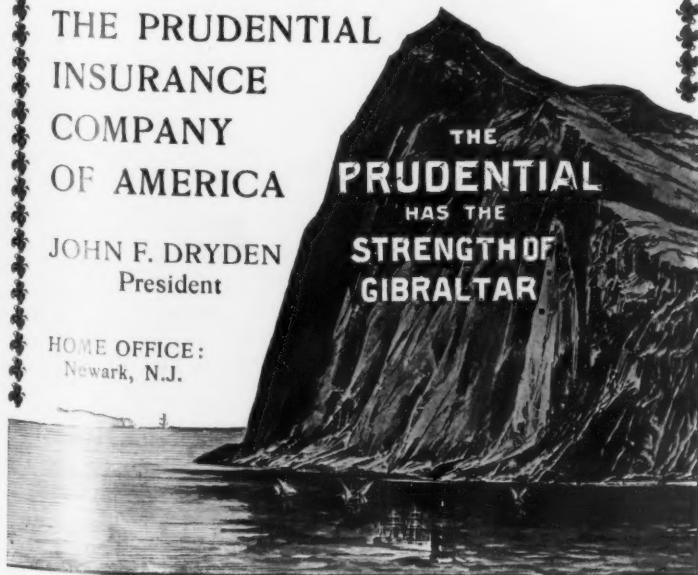
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 STRENGTH OF  
 GIBRALTAR



shakes of six frightened hunters, who imagined their scalps already dangling from the belt of some hostile savage. They demanded to know why they had been brought among a band of wild Indians. They even threatened to slay the treacherous guide the moment a redskin came in sight. When the sleepy pathfinder was thoroughly awakened he laughed.

"It's only old Red Dog and his outfit havin' a little dance. They have 'em every week. No danger." And he rolled over and went to sleep again.

Every hunter in the crowd instantly assumed an air of bravado, and said he wasn't afraid anyway; that he just wanted to frighten the other fellows. They were all anxious to visit the dance, but each waited for the other to start; and no one making a break, the crowd finally determined to go to bed a second time.

The hunting season in Osage Nation may be said to last the year round. That is, there is no game law there; but the game is in good condition only from October to February. There are deer, turkeys, quail, squirrels, an occasional panther, some wild cats, and a few black bear. Deer, however, is the principal game, and that which attracts hunters from all parts of the country. From as far as Chicago, Denver and Galveston come the men who love to draw a bead on the fleet-footed cervus.

The Osage Indians rarely kill a deer. They are, as I have said, too lazy to hunt, unless for meat, and the idea of sport never enters an Indian's head. Sensational writers have told of the grand buffalo hunts, deer hunts, antelope hunts, elk hunts, and other kinds of hunts in which Indians have engaged, laying great stress on the excitement and enthusiasm which possessed the hunters while engaged in the chase. These descriptions, however, are far-fetched. True, the Indians in such cases whip their horses to the limit of speed. They yell like demons, not on account of the excitement they feel, but in order to stampede the game and drive it to its death. The Indian is a cold-blooded, stoical wretch, and sees no more fun in chasing a deer or an antelope than he does in spearing a sucker or a salmon. All is meat that goes to his pot, and he cares not whence it comes so it gets there.

The law keeps many white hunters out of the Osage country, and so, despite the large numbers of deer that are killed each year, the supply keeps up. There are great timbered valleys putting into the Arkansas River, where hundreds of deer make their home. If you drive any one of these you are likely to jump a dozen or more.

In the same woods you may find hundreds of wild turkeys. They are easy to kill just at daylight, before they leave their roosts. You may kill a dozen in a forenoon if disposed to be greedy, but a pair is enough for any decent man to kill in one day.

You may also kill a dozen deer in a day, but no man should kill more than one. The day when big records were popular is past, and all real sportsmen now quit when they get enough, no matter how plentiful the game may be.

A man of fine sensibilities will invariably feel a pang of regret at having destroyed the life of so beautiful a creature, yet there is mitigation in the circumstances. He has pitted his skill and cunning against those of the game; he has given the deer a fair chance to escape, and has outwitted him. He has won a prize worthy of his effort, and there is none of the revulsion of feeling that must invariably come to the man of refinement who has committed cold-blooded murder by killing a greater amount of game than he can use personally.

## MUSCULAR PASTOR.

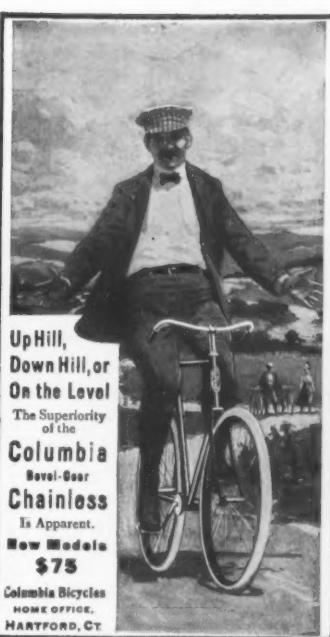
Muscles Built up on Postum Food Coffee.

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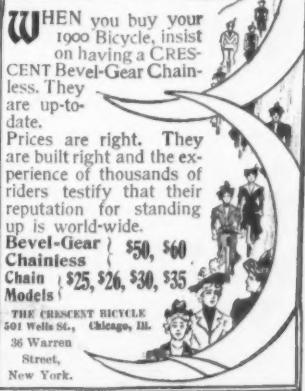
"I have been so well pleased with it and its healthful effects that I have used it ever since. I carry packages with me when I visit other places.

"When I began to drink Postum, my muscles were flabby, as my habits are sedentary, but for the past two years my muscles have been hard and I never felt stronger in my life than I do now at sixty years of age, and I attribute my strength of muscle to constant use of Postum. I drink it three times a day. I feel so enthusiastic about Postum that I cannot recommend it too highly wherever I go. Wishing you great success, yours truly," Rev. A. P. Moore, 474 Rhode Island St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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**ANALYSIS:**

Present Specific Gravity	1.007
Absolute alcohol (by weight)	6.67
Volatile acidity (as acetic acid)	0.075
Total unfermented solid extract	4.93
Fixed acidity (as lactic acid)	0.18
Fermentable sugar in extract	0.80
Ratio of fermentable to non-fermentable matter	1:5.16
Original gravity of wort (about)	1.075
Real degree of fermentation	75 p.c.
Condition of liquid when received	brilliant
Odor and taste	aromatic; clean
Foam-keeping qualities	very good
Condition after forcing	unchanged
Stability	perfect

Evans' Ale and Evans' Stout are used extensively in the United States Marine Hospital Service.

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